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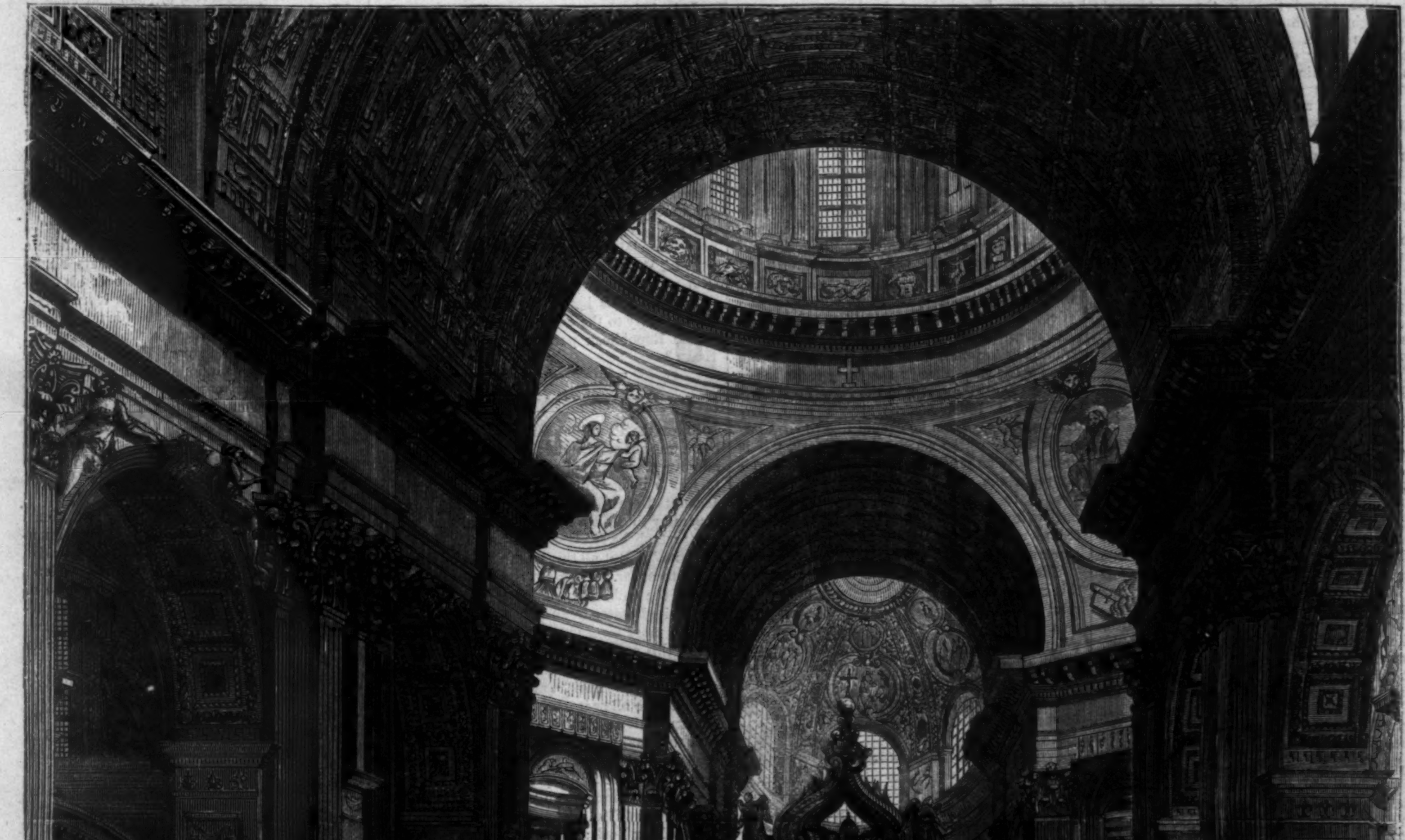

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL—HEAD OF THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE GRAND NAVE OF ST. PETER'S.—[See Page 50.]

ENTERING ST. PETER'S.

The 8th of December, the day fixed for the opening of the Nineteenth Œcumenical Council, dawned inauspiciously over Rome; "under a black and bitter and rainy sky," writes a newspaper correspondent, "a sky such as Dr. Cumming might have ordered of his intimate friend, the Angel of the Apocalypse, for the express purpose of dampening and disheartening the Scarlet Woman," the solemn ceremonies began. The Eternal City presented, nevertheless, a holiday appearance. Every street was crowded and choked up with the throng of carriages. Vehicles of every conceivable description, from the scarlet chariot of the cardinal, with its golden trappings, to the rickety "hack," filled all the thoroughfares leading to the grand cathedral.

The scene before the entrance to the cathedral was extremely picturesque, notwithstanding the depressing influence of the rain, while the interior was crowded with representatives of "every people, and nation, and kindred, and tongue under the whole heaven." The variety of ecclesiastical and military costume, of every imaginable fashion and color, dazzled the eye. Here a band of monks, clad from head to foot in robes of solemn black, the face completely enveloped in a black hood, with places for the eyes, which glared through the apertures in weird brightness, threw a sort of spectral gloom around the scene. This was soon relieved by another company of *religieuse*, with costumes of a similar fashion, but of blue material, and enormous white capes over their shoulders. The brown dress and flowing beards of the barelegged friars, whose brawny limbs did rare justice to their discipline, presented a strange contrast to the barbaric pomp and gold which often betrayed the representative of some Oriental clime. Tattered and dirty beggars mingled in the throng on terms of perfect equality, and not a few devout, not to say determined women, were observed struggling to maintain good positions for seeing the splendid pageant.

Soon after nine o'clock the grand procession, heralded by strains of solemn music, entered the cathedral, as depicted in our illustration on the preceding page, in the following order: 1. Chaplains in Ordinary. 2. Private Chaplains. 3. Consistorial Advocates. 4. Chamberlains of Honor. 5. Private Chamberlains. 6. Choir of the Pontifical Chapel. 7. College of Prelates. 8. Masters of the Saint-Hospice. 9. Incense Bearers. 10. Cross Bearer and Acolytes. 11. Abbés General Mitred. 12. Abbés *nullius*. 13. Bishops. 14. Archbishops. 15. Primates. 16. Patriarchs. 17. Cardinals. 18. The Pope, in his chair of state, borne on men's shoulders, in robes of the highest ceremonies. 19. The Prelates of the Papal Suite. 20. The Apostolic Prothonotaries. 21. The Generals of Orders, being Regular Clerks, Monks, and Mendicants. 22. Officers of the Council who have no rank in the Prelatical Colleges. 23. Stenographers. While the procession was moving toward the High Altar the Pope solemnly intoned the "Veni Creator Spiritus," which was also chanted by the choir. On reaching the High Altar, where the Sacrament was exposed, the Pope removed the costly mitre from his head and recited the Latin prayers which had been selected for the service. Thus the grand procession entered St. Peter's, and the Council was opened.

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Saturday, January 22, 1870.

☞ *New subscribers to* Harper's Weekly *will be furnished with the paper from the commencement of* Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," *in the Number for November 20, 1869, at the yearly subscription price of* $4 00.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

There is a familiar story in the State of a conversation between Mr. Seward when he was Governor and a rural voter. Mr. Seward mentioned incidentally that he was the chief magistrate. "You!" replied the rural voter, in amazement. "Oh no! every body knows that Thurlow Weed is Governor of New York." Certainly the present chief magistrate of this State is very unlike any of his noted predecessors, John Jay, the Clintons, Tompkins, or Seward. But whatever he may be, every body knows that Peter B. Sweeny is Governor of New York. Mr. Sweeny is the Dictator of Tammany Hall, and the first days of the session of the new Legislature showed that Tammany controls both the Executive and the Legislative branches of the government. Mr. Hoffman's Message is merely a solemn presentation of Mr. Sweeny's opinions and intentions. Mr. Hitchman, the Speaker, was Mr. Sweeny's man for the chair; and on the first day of the session Mr. Tweed, the lieutenant of Mr. Sweeny, proposed to withdraw the assent of New York to the Fifteenth Amendment. Even Mr. Henry C. Murphy hastened to obey Mr. Sweeny, and led the Senate in the act, in which the House immediately concurred.

A more characteristic act was impossible. For a generation the Democratic party has devoted all its power to the inhuman oppression of the negro. It held the national government, and that became a vast conspiracy against the most unfortunate and helpless class of persons in the country. So relentless was the Democratic purpose, so thorough its organization, that there was not a little postmaster any where in the land who dared to call his soul his own by declaring the equal right of all men to liberty. Believing the public conscience to be totally demoralized, and the public spirit subdued, the Democratic leaders laid their hands upon the free Territories of the West, with the monstrous doctrine that the Constitution carried slavery every where. But the honor and manhood of the American people revolted against that last degradation; and then the chief Democratic leaders, many of whom were in the national administration itself, took up arms to destroy the government, and to found a new empire upon the abject slavery of the laboring population.

The result was the unconditional victory of the loyal country, under the leadership of the Republican party, the total abolition of slavery, and the elevation of the long-outraged colored population to equal civil and political rights. In the contest the Democratic party, whose great national policy had been the extension of slavery, and whose chiefs had been great slave-masters, lost power in almost every State. In New York it had occasionally elected a Governor or an Assembly; but it had not for many years controlled every department of the government. The hold of the Democratic party is firm only in the States least eminent for intelligence and most tainted with the barbarism of slavery. Its sure possessions are Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, Tennessee. Wherever the government is founded upon color, and the poorest class of the population is systematically outraged by the laws, there the Democratic party is in the ascendant, and there injustice and ignorance perpetuate each other.

The power of such a party in the State of New York is necessarily insecure. But by the most notorious and undeniable frauds the Democratic party elected a Governor in 1868, and have now also the Legislature and other State officers. Scarcely is the Legislature assembled, when, in hot haste, it shows its ancient hatred of equal rights by withdrawing its assent to the Amendment which would remove the negro from politics; and, at the same time, with the same spirit that brought the party to its knees before Wade Hampton in the New York Convention of 1868, Mr. Sweeny's man, Mr. Hitchman, says that he should like to see Congress disregard the action of New York, "if it dare." Whether Congress—that is, the Legislature of the people of the United States—"dare" to disregard what they consider the unconstitutional action of a State, or of a "confederacy" of States, Mr. Hitchman is quite old enough to have learned.

The Democratic party went out of power in this State trying to make the negro a slave. It returns to power trying to prevent his becoming an equal citizen. Arrayed against justice, humanity, reason, and the American principle, the doom of such a party is sure. It defies equal rights, and its fate is written: "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

IS HE ALSO A JUDAS ISCARIOT?

There are undoubtedly reasons why it is desirable that a Justice of the Supreme Court for a particular district should have certain associations with that district. Justice, indeed, is blind, but in the management of human affairs tact is indispensable. When, therefore, the President nominated Mr. Hoar to the Senate, it was to be presumed that he had found no person suitable for the appointment who was a resident of the district. This may be a matter of regret, but it certainly is not surprising. Least of all should it surprise the Democratic journals, for they have always assured us that all the men of ability in the Southern States were the most resolute and sincere of rebels. Nor should it be surprising to our own Republican friends, for many of the Senators from the Southern States who are understood to oppose the nomination of Mr. Hoar are living monuments of the difficulty encountered by the Republicans in finding old residents of the late rebel States who could be wisely called to high and responsible positions. Certainly the President himself would not be indisposed to find a proper candidate for the Supreme bench who lived in the district, as his well-known character attests, and as is shown by his nomination of Mr. Stanton to the Pennsylvania circuit. It must therefore be supposed that he found no satisfactory person within the district, and therefore named one of the most satisfactory persons in the country out of it.

Moreover, if the non-residence of Mr. Hoar had been stated as a conclusive reason against his confirmation, the feeling of the Senate would be more intelligible. But it was immediately announced, and universally believed, that non-residence would not have been a decisive consideration if other reasons did not exist. The correspondent of the New York *Times* wrote that Mr. Hoar had nobody but himself to thank for his rejection; and the *Evening Post* published an abstract of the arguments urged against the confirmation, in which it was easy to see that the moving cause was Senatorial dissatisfaction with Mr. Hoar's political independence. And believing this to be the cause, we hope sincerely that the President, who has never made in all essential points a better nomination than this, will not withdraw it, but will leave it for the final action of the Senate. If perfect honesty and the most manly independence in official conduct are to be visited by party censure from the Republican majority in the Senate, it is desirable that it should be fully understood.

We have seen in letters from Washington suggestions of an intention "to kick" Mr. Hoar out of the party. But these, we presume, must have come from that orthodox virtue which confirmed Mr. Ashley, and which will probably vote to confirm General Sickles. And we observe that party authorities which thought Senators Grimes, Fessenden, and Trumbull to be Judas Iscariots, who had received their money and had better go out and hang themselves, are very merry over the probable rejection of Mr. Hoar. Mr. Hoar is indeed the cousin of Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Evarts is certainly not a favorite with the Republicans of New York. But the supposition that consequently Mr. Evarts exercises a malign influence over Mr. Hoar is inexpressibly comical to any one who knows the Attorney-General.

It is, indeed, an interesting inquiry whether the Republican party can afford to treat men like Mr. Hoar as Brummel treated his rumpled cravats, as "our failures." Who, then, are our successes, if not the ablest, honestest citizens, original Republicans of the very highest principle, men whose characters and careers are the richest possessions of any party? No man, indeed, as we have often said, has any "claim" upon the Republican party: for parties—at least according to a very respectable old theory—exist for the public welfare, and not for private advantage. But while men have no claims of this kind, has character none? Will it not be well for the Senate to look over the list of its confirmations and of the nominations before it, and reflect whether it can justify to the conscience and intelligence of the Republican party the rejection of Mr. Hoar?

PUBLIC OPINION AND CUBA.

Since the President said in his Message that there was not sufficient evidence of an established government and of serious hostilities in Cuba to justify recognition, it is remarkable that the accounts from the island communicated to the papers by the Junta are very careful to describe the "established government" and the "various combats." But all this painfully suggests news made to order. Hitherto the one conspicuous fact in the Cuban revolution is, that it expects the United States to do its work. It began by a much more vigorous assault upon public opinion in this country than upon the Spanish soldiers in Cuba. It established a Committee or Junta in New York, and appealed to public sympathy to allow it to violate our laws by sending expeditions from this port, when it was evident that many more native patriots were constantly arriving here than would have made a very respectable military force in Cuba.

But the attempt upon public opinion in this country has failed. There have been two meetings in New York; the first was one of inquiry, and of an expression of sympathy for any people struggling for independence. The second was a meeting wholly without significance. Since those meetings there have been the most unpardonable attacks upon the integrity of Secretary Fish, absurdly insisting that the foreign policy of the United States was determined by the private interest of the Secretary's son-in-law. The answer to this is the character of Mr. Fish—just as the character of General Grant was the reply to the charge that he was interested in the gold speculation.

But these frantic and desperate assaults have not in the least affected public opinion. The truth is, that the people of this country are not especially interested in the Cuban revolution because the Cubans themselves do not seem to be. The American feeling for Greece forty years ago, and for Crete four years ago, was deep and warm, because events in those countries showed how vital to the Greeks and Cretans their struggle was. But in the Cuban movement the desire is so evident that this country by recognition or special favor should really achieve the independence of the island, the intention of annexation is so notorious and confessed, and the want of any serious engagements evincing an earnest patriotic purpose and of a government truly fulfilling its functions is so conspicuous, that there is a very general feeling of doubt and indifference.

This is unquestionably the fact, and the Administration in declining to interfere undoubtedly represents the desire of the country. But if the circumstances were different—if the country did not feel that the Cuban revolutionary news is "cooked" for us by the Junta as the American news was "cooked" by Reuter for England—if the Cubans, rising and demanding independence, had bravely and vigorously attacked the Spaniards in battles that, however small, could not be concealed, and which, like Lexington and Bunker Hill and Canea, showed the indomitable heroic will—if the movement had been more than a vague, smouldering, doubtful hostility of which it is actually impossible to know any thing except that some Cubans wish to be annexed to the United States, the popular feeling of this country, we believe, would have been very different.

The more thoughtful advocates of recognition urge that it is our duty because the revolution has proclaimed emancipation. But this is really to urge a policy of proselytism by arms. It is saying that if a Fenian insurrection in Ireland should proclaim the Republic, the United States ought to recognize it even if it were compelled in consequence to fight with England. If the United States declined, Mr. Thomas C. Fields would probably taunt us with recreancy to republican principles. But should we wince, feeling the sting of truth? The question for the United States to decide is, what course under all the circumstances will most aid liberty every where? Will freedom and popular government gain more by the assertion of the principle that every power may interfere in every contest at pleasure, or that belligerents must acquire a certain evident status before they are acknowledged? Shall there be any attempt at an international practice founded upon reason and honorably observed, or shall that hope be abandoned? The American people heartily wish that other people may be as free as they are, and in all honorable ways they will prove their sympathy. But if it be the duty of the United States to recognize at any cost the belligerent rights of any party in any country that proclaims personal liberty or political equality, it is its duty to become the most aggressive, and insufferable power in history.

THE NEW YEAR IN FRANCE.

The summons of Emile Ollivier to form a Ministry in France shows that Louis Napoleon has at least one advantage over his predecessors, and that is that he can learn something. If M. Ollivier succeeds in the attempt to organize an administration, the constitutional system will have begun in France. But the difficulty of the situation is vital, and it is that it depends entirely upon the will of one man, and that man one who has risen to power by the most flagrant falsehood and disregard of oaths. If M. Ollivier succeeds, we shall have the spectacle of a Ministry agreeable to the Chambers, and removable with the change of sentiment of a legislature elected by general suffrage. This is the English constitutional system. But, unluckily for the further resemblance between the two countries, the British Constitution is a long tradition of precedents which have become the most impregnable of fundamental laws; while the French Constitution is really a charter granted by the Emperor.

It is not impossible that the Emperor intends fair play. It is easy to suppose that he perceives the hopelessness of the continuation of a merely personal government; that he has watched France for eighteen years, and finds that his only chance lies in the proposed change. But the humor of a despot is always incalculable. Character tells in politics as every where else; and a man whose whole career has alienated confidence can not regain it by a fresh word, however plausible; nor by a new policy, however reasonable. To an observer, undoubtedly, the best course for Louis Napoleon is that which he has chosen. But it will probably prove to be only a palliative. The fatal weakness of his position is that, however adroit and able, he has failed, after a prolonged and most favorable opportunity, to endear himself to the heart or to the pride of the French people. They do not love him. They do not trust him. They do not respect him. And a ruler of whom, at the end of a score of years of trial, such truths can be spoken is not a man who can found a permanent dynasty.

TRADE—ITS RELATIONS TO GOLD.

Accounts of stock have now been very generally completed, and computations made of the last year's business. Up to the raid on the 24th of September made by the Erie gamblers to run up gold, trade was good in all departments, but since that period it has been so bad in all quarters as to have absorbed much of the profits of the preceding three-quarters of the year. The raid was undertaken at a time when the Treasury had abstained from making sales of gold, and was undoubtedly planned through the connivance of some inferior officials, in a way to prevent any Treasury sales, simultaneously with the movement to "bull" gold. But for some unfortunate influence over the Treasury of this character, it is scarcely probable that sales would have been delayed until the evil had been done, since the intention to make an extensive corner in gold was known at Washington, and it was a blow, which, if successful, necessarily reached the credit of the United States.

A committee of investigation ought to ascertain precisely why it was that the Treasury remained inactive during the period when the clique was maturing its plans, and until they had gone so far as to carry up gold to 160–162½. The omission to meet this movement in time enabled the raiders to ride through Wall Street with the fury of a Sheridan, and with all the disaster, present and remote, which attended his sudden inflictions. Wall Street was wild with fear as the raiders entered each banking-house and stripped it of its wealth. It will, no doubt, appear that Mr. Boutwell is free of all complication with the clique, or with inferiors connected with the Treasury—no one doubts his purity—but the precise character of the influence which induced the withholding of the orders to sell gold ought to be ascertained, so that Congress may apply its remedies with wisdom.

The effect of this affair upon the trade of the whole country was instantaneous and severe. The difficulty has been prolonged and intensified by the subsequent fall in gold from 135, on the 24th of September, after Mr. Boutwell had made his countermovement, to about 120, near to which it has lately been fluctuating.

Inasmuch as nearly all descriptions of merchandise have been marked down in proportion to the fall in gold, an active trade is not expected until prices of all commodities, including gold, shall be readjusted so that they shall conform to the amount of paper-money in circulation. The reasons for marking down merchandise are various. Some supposed that we were going to specie payments, and this, in the phraseology of Wall Street, they *discounted*. Purchasers all over the country said to jobbers and importers, Gold is down; why don't you mark down your goods?

The miller and the farmer, whose price for flour and grain was fixed by the Liverpool market, and who, when they sold to the foreigner for gold, could turn it into currency on the basis of only 120, instead of 135, required the country merchant to lower his prices accordingly. This policy extended over the whole Union, producing distrust and dismay.

When gold shall rise to the price required by the amount of paper-money in circulation the process will be reversed, and instead of being marked down, goods will be marked up, and trade will become active. If gold had fallen by reason of a diminution in the quantity of paper circulation, it would have been a healthy and permanent fall; but it is mere folly to suppose that it will stand long at a price which has been made for it by means of the momentary power of the Treasury, and wholly irrespective of our paper circulation and the general laws of trade.

There is nothing in the situation of the country at this time, excepting the artificial and unnatural condition of financial affairs, to prevent an active spring trade; but there is much depression owing to this circumstance, from which recovery will be slow. Cotton, grain, and provisions are still to go forward in large quantities; but exports of these, on which the activity of business depends, will be light as long as gold is pressed below the proper level. These articles of export have all been produced at high currency prices; and so far as wheat and flour are concerned, they are sold in our market now at prices which do not remunerate the farming interest.

It appears by the English returns for the week ending December 19, that since the first of September there have been received into the United Kingdom 15,067,177 cwt. of wheat against 9,540,446; of flour, 2,136,702 cwt. against 1,159,416; of Indian corn, 7,006,140 cwt. against 3,913,075—for the same period last year.

Private advices show that the stock of wheat on hand in Liverpool on the first of January is much larger than is usual; and it appears that much of the excess comes from the United States. California has sent heavy supplies. The concurrence of these shipments and the fall of gold here have affected trade in a most serious degree. But as the estimates of the whole quantity of wheat required from foreign sources for the consumption of Great Britain between the late and the next harvest amounted to between seventy and eighty millions of bushels, it is correct to assume that a large quantity will still be required from us. In the present condition of foreign and domestic markets it will be unsafe to press this article upon the sea-board in quantities which can not be conveniently carried. The fact that wheat and flour are below the average price in England and here would indicate that the farmer will be best rewarded by not pressing immediate sales.

Although the interests of a large class here are promoted by cheap food—such, for instance, as laboring men and those who live on salaries—yet when wheat and flour fall, as they lately have done, below the price which remunerates the farmer, the trade of the country becomes so seriously affected by it that the classes we have named lose more from want of employment than they gain by buying food at unremunerative prices. The general benefit is promoted when fair rewards attend all the great industries of the Union. It is a common observation now, that, as the farmer in the West and Northwest is losing by his crops, the trade of extensive sections is dull. It was lately stated in a Chicago paper that very unusual and large additions had been recently made to its population, owing to the discharge of laborers from farms. The necessity for discharging them is due to the condition of the market, and it will unfortunately affect the production for next year, as there will be fewer hands engaged in agriculture. The policy, therefore, which seeks to lower the market-price of food, for the benefit of manufacturers and others, may be carried so far as to weaken the demand for their productions.

The withdrawal by the Secretary of the Treasury of a portion of the eleven millions of gold offered for sale in December, and the offer of only four millions for January, indicate either that the supply of gold is not equal to what was expected, or that the Department perceives the effect upon our trade and industry of forcing down its price. It appears that less than twenty millions of what was on hand in the various sub-treasuries on the 1st of January was all that belonged to the government over and above what was payable for interest on that day, for overdue coupons, etc., and for certificates of deposit.

It was doubtless owing to this change of policy that a bull interest commenced operations in Wall Street on the 7th of January. The special order of the Treasury, issued on the 8th January, to sell on Monday the 10th $1,670,000 of gold received for interest, interfered for the moment with their plan. As the paper-money capable of circulation is fixed by law, it would seem that there is a tolerably precise relation between it and the proper market-price of gold, and that it should be the policy of the Department neither to raise nor depress gold below this mark. What the country wants is steadiness in the standard, instead of the violent and depressing fluctuations lately witnessed.

All the experience we have had since the termination of the war proves that more or less of severe fluctuation is unavoidable, either as the result of locking up currency, of its sudden and inconvenient removal to the West and South to permit the transfer of crops, of gambling on a scale of frightful extent, or of the action of the Treasury. From severe and repeated suffering the lesson is taught that the true road to safety lies in the direction of specie payments. Although it will be a difficult and unpleasant experience, it will be found far better in the long-run than to have our whole prosperity suspended, as it now is, "upon the wings of paper-money."

MRS. STOWE AND LADY BYRON.

The remorseless, and in many cases evidently malignant vituperation of Mrs. Stowe which followed the publication of her Byron article left her no choice but to state more fully both the story told her by Lady Byron and the circumstances which induced her to publish it. No one who knows her could doubt for a moment that it was not a pleasant task for her to make such disclosures. To suppose that she was a sentimental jobber of "sensations" was simply silly. She knew that the general judgment of Lady Byron, a friend whom she loved and revered, was that she was a prim, rigid, Puritanic monitor, who, by her hardness and want of sympathy, was really responsible for much of Lord Byron's immoral career. This judgment she believed to have been the combined result of the noblest forbearance and silence upon the part of Lady Byron, and of the most subtle and elaborate slander upon the part of Lord Byron, continued for years and addressed to a world which was fascinated by his genius. Lady Byron died, but the harsh imputation against her was not allowed to rest. It was renewed some months since in *Blackwood's Magazine* and in a book written by Byron's mistress. The aspersions made by both upon the character of their grandmother did not seem to touch Lady Byron's descendants; and when convinced that they proposed to suffer such slanders to lie upon her grave uncorrected, Mrs. Stowe, indignantly feeling that if the ties of blood were satisfied those of friendship were not, resolved that the good fame of one of the noblest of women should be vindicated, and told the story that Lady Byron had told her.

There was an immediate explosion of indignation that such a disclosure should have been made, whether it were true or false. But, being made, there was also a very general feeling that Lord Byron was none too good for such a story to be true, while of his sister nothing was generally known. From the moment of the publication it was evident that if Mrs. Stowe had faithfully reported what Lady Byron had told her, the story must be accepted as true, unless it could be shown that Lady Byron had told an untruth, or was probably deranged. But it has never been questioned that Mrs. Stowe honestly repeated what she heard, nor has it been asserted that Lady Byron could be guilty of so foul a falsehood. Was she then deranged upon this subject? No one who has followed the controversy will claim that Lady Byron's hallucination has been established. The only evidence, and that presumptive, is contained in the correspondence published in the *Quarterly Review* article. Mrs. Stowe accepts the authenticity of the letters, which were all written within the month after the separation, and she answers that it was subsequently to that time that Lady Byron was convinced of Mrs. Leigh's complicity, believing until then the assertion, which Mrs. Stowe supposes Mrs. Leigh to have made, that Byron had only insanely attempted the crime. There is no doubt that at the time of the separation Lady Byron did believe her husband to be insane, and that his nearest relatives were her chief authority. The letters, however, must be taken in connection with all the facts and probabilities, and then they will be found not necessarily incompatible with the truth of the original story.

The case must rest here, unless the papers of Lady Byron are published, or Dr. Lushington reveals what was disclosed to him in 1816. Mrs. Stowe has been fiercely denounced as a hyena, tearing open the grave of a blameless woman, Mrs. Leigh. But a moment's reflection will show that in Mrs. Stowe's opinion Mrs. Leigh was the accomplice—subsequently, indeed, repentant—of the foul traducer of her friend, Lady Byron. Was her sympathy for Mrs. Leigh's offense—as she believed it to be—to overbear her duty to a slandered woman? If it be said that she should at least have had some evidence before she told so dreadful a tale, may she not ask, in reply, what evidence could possibly be so conclusive to her as Lady Byron's word?

Mr. DICKENS'S DEMOCRACY.

If there were ever a man whose character and published opinions should decide what his political sympathies are, Mr. Dickens is certainly the one. Yet when, a few weeks ago, he said, in a speech something about the people governing and the people governed, which was susceptible of two interpretations, it was very generally interpreted against him, and he was accused of turning his back upon his books and upon the whole tenor of his life.

Mr. Dickens has recently made another speech in which he has stated, characteristically and distinctly, that he has not turned his back upon his books and his life, nor forsworn himself, but that he believes as heartily as he always did in the people governed rather than in the people who govern. It seems a little hard that character is allowed such little weight in the decision of a doubtful point. There are men nearer home, whose lives and characters are stainless, who were recently denounced as if they had plotted the destruction of the moral bulwarks of society. It was much more natural to suppose that there was some misunderstanding. So, if the telegraph should report that John Bright has pronounced for the infallibility of the Pope, wouldn't it be better to believe that the story is not complete, and await further intelligence?

NOTES.

The St. Domingo negotiation has ended in a treaty of cession. We are to pay $1,500,000, and St. Domingo is to become ours, if the people ratify the action of Baez. Meanwhile we have paid that gentleman $150,000 in advance for the rent of the Bay of Samana. And St. Thomas? When the Senate considers the new treaty, let it not forget the old. Denmark and the people of St. Thomas have been consulted, and agree to our proposition. Do we recede from it? Is the population of St. Domingo so much more desirable in addition to that of the United States than the people of St. Thomas? And is the necessity of increasing our territory and our population at this time so imperative that we must make fresh promises to pay besides the Denmark engagement, by which we are honorably bound? Territorial expansion is not necessarily an advantage. If it be inevitable is it worth paying for?

The son of Francisco Solano Lopez, and grandson of Carlos A. Lopez, who, with Dr. Francia, the uncle of Carlos, have been for nearly fifty years Dictators of Paraguay, is in Washington, endeavoring to induce the Administration to renew diplomatic intercourse with his father's government. The objection to the success of his mission is stated to be the disappearance of his father and his government together. Should the subject be pressed by the young man, it is very desirable that Congress should be fully informed of the merits of the Paraguay question, and that the country should be fully disabused of the error that Lopez is in any popular sense a President, or that Paraguay is a republic. This will not be necessary if the steady, although slow, progress of the allies has, as is generally understood, resulted in the overthrow of the Lopez despotism. But an American war which has lasted so long, and has been so bitterly waged, deserves to be more truly understood in the United States than it has yet been.

One of the finest specimens of the noble art of line engraving that has been produced in America has just been finished by Joseph Andrews, of Boston. It is from Rothermel's picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims; "Plymouth Rock, 1620." It is the conscientious work of many years—bold and delicate and masterly; and fully vindicates the claim of Mr. Andrews to the highest rank in his art.

In the second letter of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State to Mr. Adams, Minister in England, dated April 10, 1861, he said: "You will not consent to draw into debate before the British Government any opposing moral principle which may be supposed to lie at the foundation of the controversy between those States and the Federal Union." In Mr. Seward's speech a month ago, in Mexico, he said, in allusion to the rebellion: "Slavery had taken up arms in alarm for its life, and had organized rebellion, aiming at the dissolution of the American Union." This was always the truth, and Mr. Seward knew it as well in April, 1861, as in November, 1869. But by not saying it in 1861, and instructing Mr. Adams to urge it upon the British Government, the whole moral force of our position was lost, and we were placed in precisely the attitude that Earl Russell described, a Government fighting for empire, to maintain its authority over unwilling citizens. This, indeed, as nobody knows better than Earl Russell knew, is, under the circumstances, in our case a perfectly legitimate and just policy. But if the Secretary of State had plainly declared what Mr. Seward and every other intelligent man understood, the moral aspect of the English conduct would have been intolerable. The conclusion is, that truth-telling is the best diplomacy.

A striking illustration of the doctrinaire habit of Mr. Seward's mind is found in the same speech, when he speaks of the alliance of all the republican states of the American Continent during the rebellion, and then adds that the alliance commanded confidence and respect in unexpected quarters, and that, with certain other countries, "*Turkey*, *Egypt*, *Morocco*, *Siam*, and *China*, became the friends and *moral allies* of the American republics." Our moral alliance with Morocco and Siam has hitherto escaped attention.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

January 4.—Both Houses organized by the choice of Democratic officers. In the Senate Mr. Tweed offered a joint resolution to repeal that of last session by which the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was ratified. The resolution was made a special order for the next day. Notice was given of a bill to repeal the Excise law. In the Assembly, among other resolutions offered, was one expressing sympathy with the Cuban revolutionists.

January 5.—In the Senate, after a warm debate, the resolution relating to the Fifteenth Amendment was passed by a vote of yeas 16, nays 13. In the Assembly the resolution was also passed by a vote of yeas 69, nays 56. Among the measures introduced were bills to repeal the "Conspiracy act," the Excise law, to amend the Metropolitan Police law, and compel gas companies to report annually to the Comptroller.

January 6.—No business of importance was transacted in either House, and the Legislature adjourned over to January 11.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The recent statement of the public debt shows that the entire debt is $2,658,134,670. The amount in the Treasury is $209,387,716 69, of which about $109,000,000 is in coin and coin certificates; the actual debt is, therefore, $2,448,746,953 31, or $4,812,781 92 less than on the 1st of December, and $76,716,306 70 less than on the 1st of March last.

The validity of an Indiana divorce is soon to be tested in a Massachusetts Probate Court, on the petition of Mrs. Harriet M. Shannon for letters of administration as the widow of the late Oliver M. Shannon, from whom she was divorced by decree of an Indiana court. The estate is valued at $200,000.

On January 1 a reduction was made on the tolls on cable messages to and from Havana. Messages of ten words are now sent to that city from any office of the Western Union Telegraph Company east of the Mississippi for $5 in gold, and west of the Mississippi for $7 50.

Mail-coach robberies have of late become alarmingly frequent in Colorado. Armed bodies of men stop the coaches, and rifle the mail-bags and the trunks and pocket-books of the passengers. These highwaymen are said to be well organized.

In his recent Message to the Pennsylvania Legislature the Governor of that State refers to the Avondale disaster, and recommends the enactment of stringent regulations to guard against the recurrence of such calamities.

"James Logan No. 2," whose name was connected with the mysterious Rogers murder, was shot and fatally wounded on January 6, in this city, by a man named Dunn. Just before his death he signed a paper declaring his innocence of the murder of Mr. Rogers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The singular rumor was recently started in Europe that President Grant was about to pay a visit to the reigning sovereigns, accompanied by a fleet of iron-clads.

General Prim and the entire Spanish Cabinet resigned January 4, in consequence, it is said, of the failure of negotiations relating to the candidature of the Duke of Genoa. It was rumored that Serrano would be invested with sovereign power; but this plan is said to have been abandoned.

On the 1st instant the customary New Year's Address of the French Emperor to the Corps Legislatif was delivered. The recent political concessions were alluded to as circumstances which had augmented their prerogatives without diminishing the Imperial authority.

The recent Parliamentary election in Longford, Ireland, was marked by a serious conflict between the friends of the Fenian candidate and the opposite party. The troops fired on the Fenians, wounding several, but killing none.

Mr. Lorillard has blown up the wreck of the yacht *Meteor*, on the coast of Tunis.

The Portuguese Government has granted to an American company the privilege to land and operate a cable on the Azores, to be laid from New York to the Azores, thence to England, near Brighton, and thence by two lateral lines to France, near Havre, and Holland, near the Hague. The cable will probably be laid during the present year.

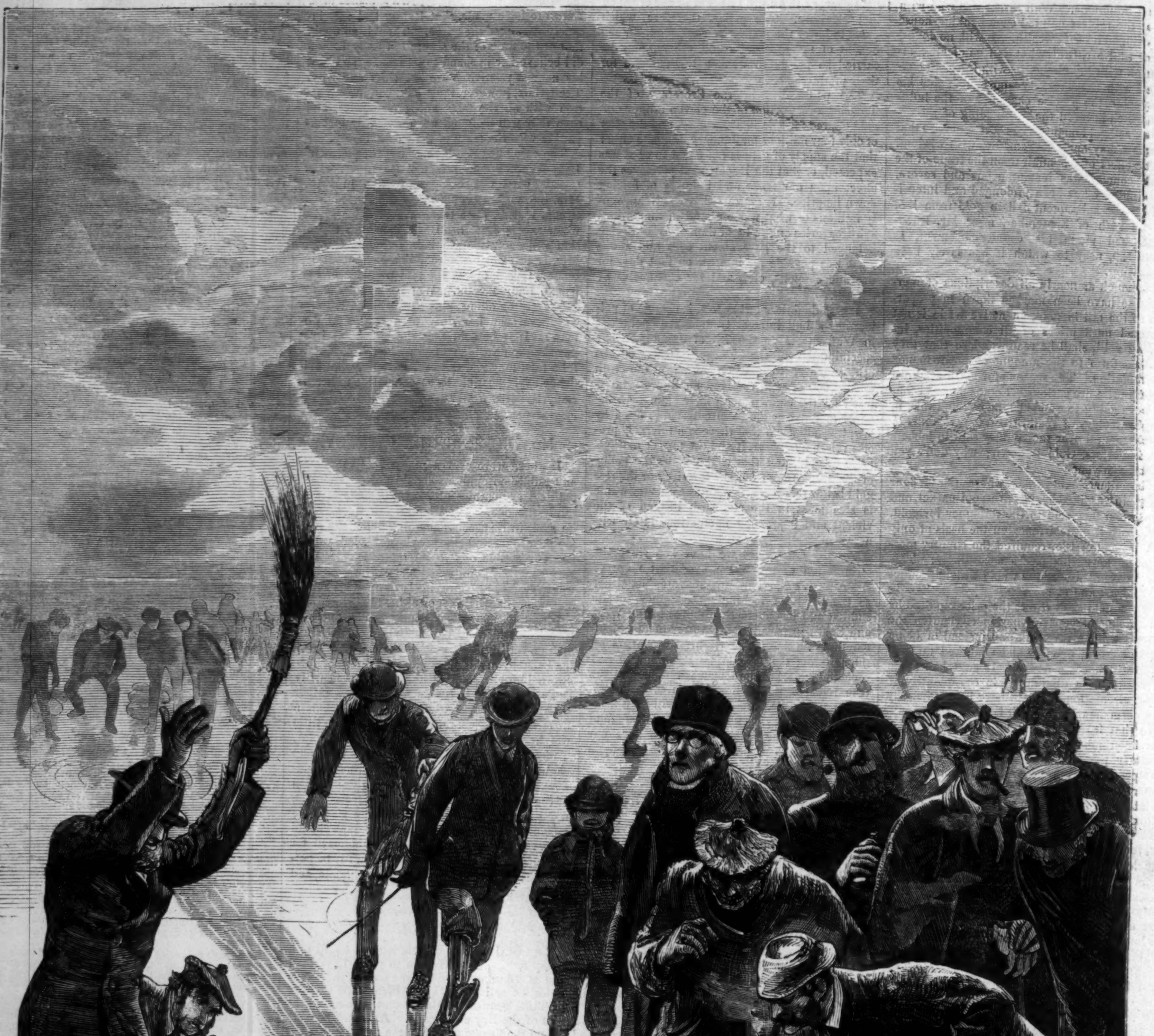
English correspondents continue their attacks on the Suez Canal. The London *Morning Post* contains the statement that vessels drawing more than fifteen feet must lighten before attempting to pass through the canal; that dredges obstruct and make the passage hazardous; and that the Company declines to take any risk whatever.

Thomas Creswick, an eminent artist, and member of the Royal Academy of England, died Jan. 1 in London.

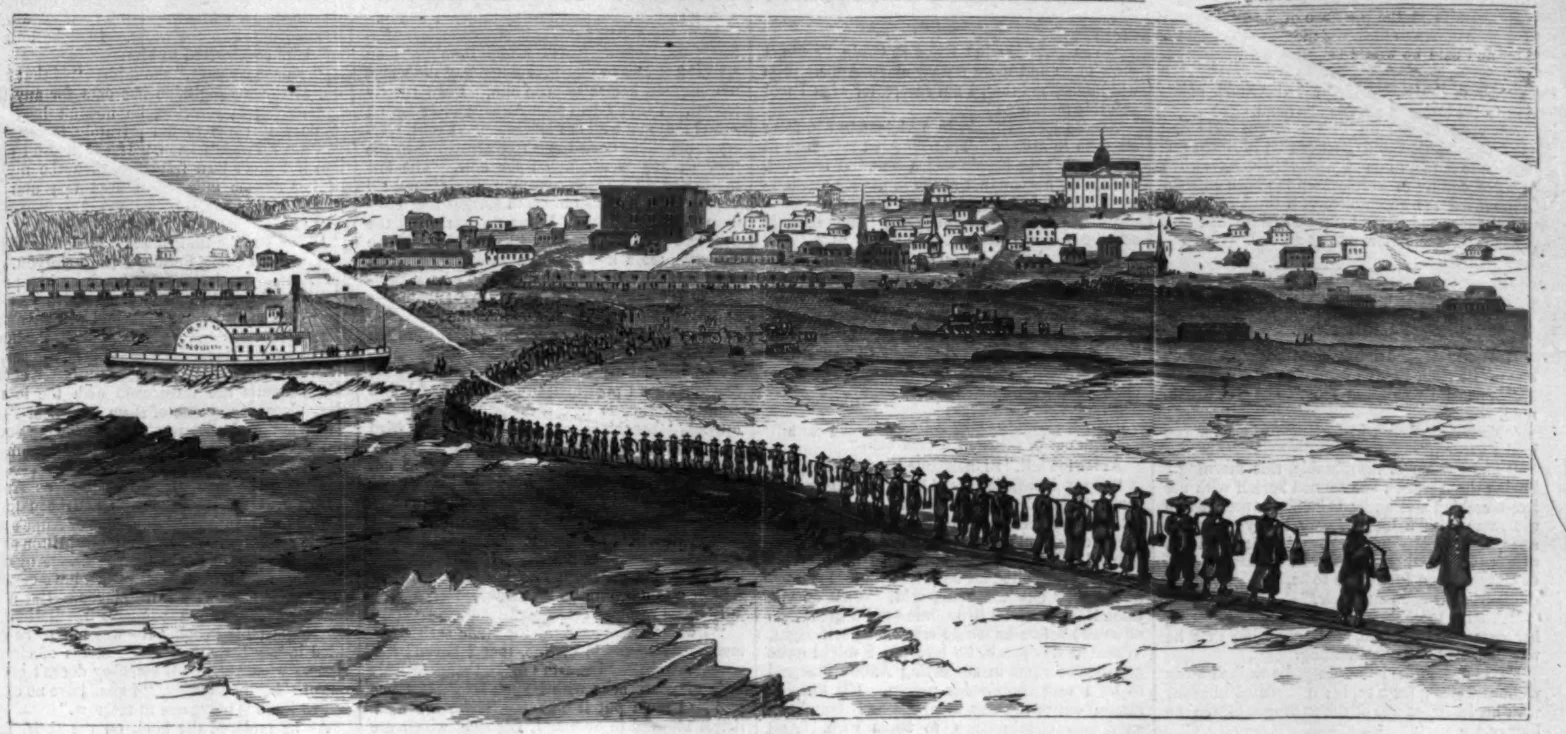
The Cuban insurgents continue to burn the cane-fields. They are organized in large bodies, and the authorities find it difficult to check their movements. Two schooners, laden with arms and ammunition for the insurgents, were recently seized near Nassau, New Providence, by the British gun-boat *Lapwing*, for alleged violation of neutrality. The Spanish Minister at Washington has notified the State Department of the presence of the steamer *Annie*, a Cuban privateer, with some of the crew of the *Hornet* on board, in Charleston Harbor. The United States Marshal was directed to examine the suspected steamer.

Advices recently received from Paraguay, by way of Lisbon, say that Lopez has been driven out of that country, and has sought refuge in Bolivia.

The Committee of the Œcumenical Council on Dogmas has begun its sittings. The impression gains ground that the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope will be adopted, with liberty of dissent.



CURLING, OR BONSPIEL.—[See Page 55.]



CHINESE COOLIES CROSSING THE MISSOURI RIVER.—[Sketched by Leavitt Burnham.]

COOLIES FOR TEXAS.

The Mongolian invasion has begun at last in good earnest, and the advance-guard of the peaceful army has already crossed the Missouri River. On the 26th of December the first detachment of Chinese laborers engaged to work on a railroad now building in Texas, numbering 250 men, arrived opposite Council Bluffs, Iowa. The river was covered with a pack of broken ice sufficiently strong to prevent the passage of boats. A plank walk was laid across the uneven surface, on which the Celestials passed over to the eastern side of the river, as shown in our illustration, carrying their baggage on poles balanced over the shoulder, in true Oriental fashion. Most of these men were employed in the construction of the Pacific Railroad. They are under the charge of General J. A. Walker, who expects to return in the spring, should this experiment prove a success, for a still larger detachment.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTH SCENE—WINDYGATES.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

NEAR IT.

The Library at Windygates was the largest and the handsomest room in the house. The two grand divisions under which Literature is usually arranged in these days occupied the customary places in it. On the shelves which ran round the walls were the books which humanity in general respects—and does not read. On the tables distributed over the floor were the books which humanity in general reads—and does not respect. In the first class, the works of the wise ancients; and the Histories, Biographies, and Essays of writers of more modern times—otherwise the Solid Literature, which is universally respected, and occasionally read. In the second class, the Novels of our own day—otherwise the Light Literature, which is universally read, and occasionally respected. At Windygates, as elsewhere, we believed History to be high literature, because it assumed to be true to Authorities (of which we knew little)—and Fiction to be low literature, because it attempted to be true to Nature (of which we knew less). At Windygates, as elsewhere, we were always more or less satisfied with ourselves, if we were publicly discovered consulting our History, and more or less ashamed of ourselves if we were publicly discovered devouring our Fiction. An architectural peculiarity in the original arrangement of the library favored the development of this common and curious form of human stupidity. While a row of luxurious arm-chairs, in the main thoroughfare of the room, invited the reader of solid literature to reveal himself in the act of cultivating a virtue, a row of snug little curtained recesses, opening at intervals out of one of the walls, enabled the reader of light literature to conceal himself in the act of indulging a vice. For the rest, all the minor accessories of this spacious and tranquil place were as plentiful and as well chosen as the heart could desire. And solid literature and light literature, and great writers and small, were all bounteously illuminated alike by a fine broad flow of the light of heaven, pouring into the room through windows that opened to the floor.

It was the fourth day from the day of Lady Lundie's garden-party, and it wanted an hour or more of the time at which the luncheon-bell usually rang.

The guests at Windygates were most of them in the garden, enjoying the morning sunshine, after a prevalent mist and rain for some days past. Two gentlemen (exceptions to the general rule) were alone in the library. They were the two last gentlemen in the world who could possibly be supposed to have any legitimate motive for meeting each other in a place of literary seclusion. One was Arnold Brinkworth, and the other was Geoffrey Delamayn.

They had arrived together at Windygates that morning. Geoffrey had traveled from London with his brother by the train of the previous night. Arnold, delayed in getting away at his own time, from his own property, by ceremonies incidental to his position which were not to be abridged without giving offense to many worthy people—had caught the passing train early that morning at the station nearest to him, and had returned to Lady Lundie's, as he had left Lady Lundie's, in company with his friend.

After a short preliminary interview with Blanche, Arnold had rejoined Geoffrey in the safe retirement of the library, to say what was still left to be said between them on the subject of Anne. Having completed his report of events at Craig Fernie, he was now naturally waiting to hear what Geoffrey had to say on his side. To Arnold's astonishment, Geoffrey coolly turned away to leave the library without uttering a word.

Arnold stopped him without ceremony.

"Not quite so fast, Geoffrey," he said. "I have an interest in Miss Silvester's welfare as well as in yours. Now you are back again in Scotland, what are you going to do?"

If Geoffrey had told the truth, he must have stated his position much as follows:

He had necessarily decided on deserting Anne when he had decided on joining his brother on the journey back. But he had advanced no further than this. How he was to abandon the woman who had trusted him, without seeing his own dastardly conduct dragged into the light of day, was more than he yet knew. A vague idea of at once pacifying and deluding Anne, by a marriage which should be no marriage at all, had crossed his mind on the journey. He had asked himself whether a trap of that sort might not be easily set in a country notorious for the looseness of its marriage laws—if a man only knew how? And he had thought it likely that his well-informed brother, who lived in Scotland, might be tricked into innocently telling him what he wanted to know. He had turned the conversation to the subject of Scotch marriages in general by way of trying the experiment. Julius had not studied the question; Julius knew nothing about it; and there the experiment had come to an end. As the necessary result of the check thus encountered, he was now in Scotland with absolutely nothing to trust to as a means of effecting his release but the chapter of accidents, aided by his own resolution to marry Mrs. Glenarm. Such was his position, and such should have been the substance of his reply when he was confronted by Arnold's question, and plainly asked what he meant to do.

"The right thing," he answered, unblushingly. "And no mistake about it."

"I'm glad to hear you see your way so plainly," returned Arnold. "In your place, I should have been all abroad. I was wondering, only the other day, whether you would end, as I should have ended, in consulting Sir Patrick."

Geoffrey eyed him sharply.

"Consult Sir Patrick?" he repeated. "Why would you have done that?"

"*I* shouldn't have known how to set about marrying her," replied Arnold. "And—being in Scotland—I should have applied to Sir Patrick (without mentioning names, of course), because he would be sure to know all about it."

"Suppose I don't see my way quite so plainly as you think," said Geoffrey. "Would you advise me—"

"To consult Sir Patrick? Certainly! He has passed his life in the practice of the Scotch law. Didn't you know that?"

"No."

"Then take my advice—and consult him. You needn't mention names. You can say it's the case of a friend."

The idea was a new one and a good one. Geoffrey looked longingly toward the door. Eager to make Sir Patrick his innocent accomplice on the spot, he made a second attempt to leave the library; and made it for the second time in vain. Arnold had more unwelcome inquiries to make, and more advice to give unasked.

"How have you arranged about meeting Miss Silvester?" he went on. "You can't go to the hotel in the character of her husband. I have prevented that. Where else are you to meet her? She is all alone; she must be weary of waiting, poor thing. Can you manage matters so as to see her to-day?"

After staring hard at Arnold while he was speaking, Geoffrey burst out laughing when he had done. A disinterested anxiety for the welfare of another person was one of those refinements of feeling which a muscular education had not fitted him to understand.

"I say, old boy," he burst out, "you seem to take an extraordinary interest in Miss Silvester! You haven't fallen in love with her yourself—have you?"

"Come! come!" said Arnold, seriously. "Neither she nor I deserve to be sneered at, in that way. I have made a sacrifice to your interests, Geoffrey—and so has she."

Geoffrey's face became serious again. His secret was in Arnold's hands; and his estimate of Arnold's character was founded, unconsciously, on his experience of himself. "All right," he said, by way of timely apology and concession. "I was only joking."

"As much joking as you please, when you have married her," replied Arnold. "It seems serious enough, to my mind, till then." He stopped—considered—and laid his hand very earnestly on Geoffrey's arm. "Mind!" he resumed. "You are not to breathe a word to any living soul, of my having been near the inn!"

"I've promised to hold my tongue, once already. What do you want more?"

"I am anxious, Geoffrey. I was at Craig Fernie, remember, when Blanche came there! She has been telling me all that happened, poor darling, in the firm persuasion that I was miles off at the time. I swear I couldn't look her in the face! What would she think of me, if she knew the truth? Pray be careful! pray be careful!"

Geoffrey's patience began to fail him.

"We had all this out," he said, "on the way here from the station. What's the good of going over the ground again?"

"You're quite right," said Arnold, good-humoredly. "The fact is—I'm out of sorts, this morning. My mind misgives me—I don't know why."

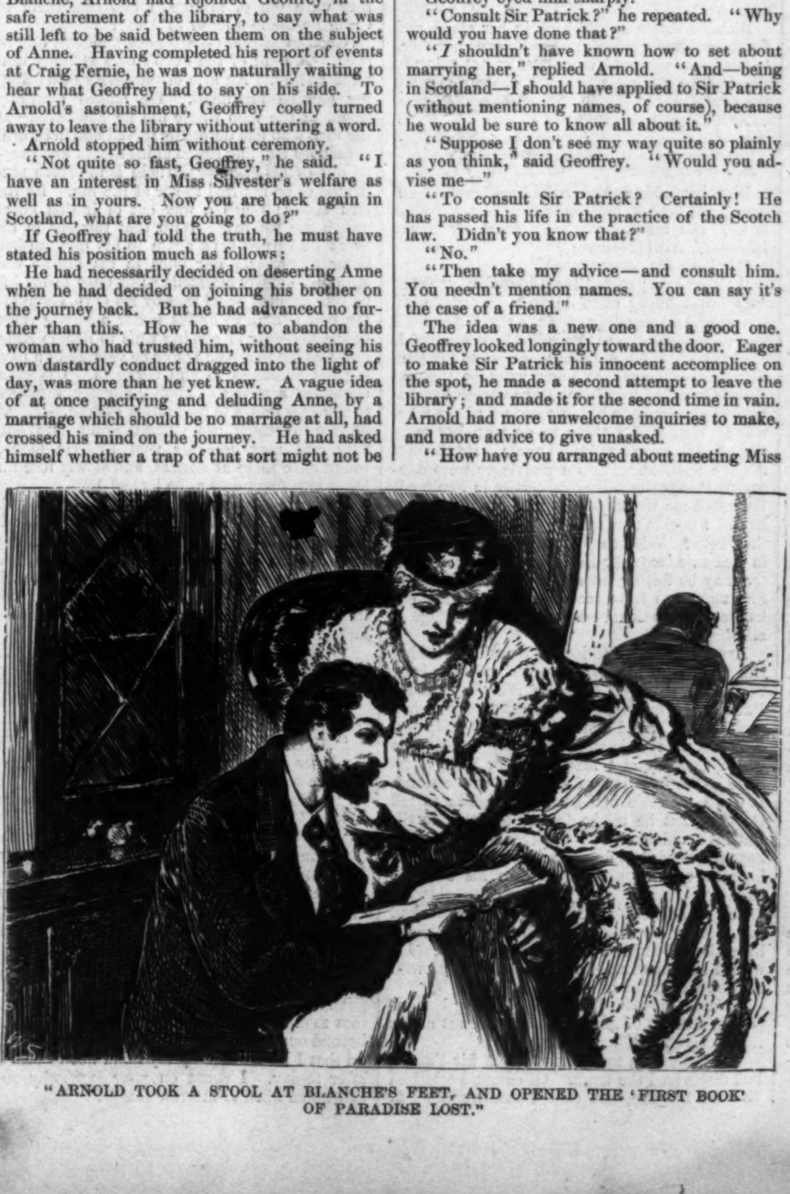
"Mind?" repeated Geoffrey, in high contempt. "It's flesh—that's what the matter with *you*. You're nigh on a stone over your right weight. Mind be hanged! A man in healthy training don't know that he has got a mind. Take a turn with the dumb-bells, and a run up hill with a great-coat on. Sweat it off, Arnold! Sweat it off!"

With that excellent advice, he turned to leave the room for the third time. Fate appeared to have determined to keep him imprisoned in the library, that morning. On this occasion, it was a servant who got in the way—a servant, with a letter and a message. "The man waits for an answer."

Geoffrey looked at the letter. It was in his brother's handwriting. He had left Julius at the junction about three hours since. What could Julius possibly have to say to him now?

He opened the letter. Julius had to announce that Fortune was favoring them already. He had heard news of Mrs. Glenarm, as soon as he reached home. She had called on his wife, during his absence in London—she had been invited to the house—and she had promised to accept the invitation early in the week. "Early in the week," Julius wrote, "may mean to-morrow. Make your apologies to Lady Lundie; and take care not to offend her. Say that family reasons, which you hope soon to have the pleasure of confiding to her, oblige you to appeal once more to her indulgence—and come to-morrow, and help us to receive Mrs. Glenarm."

Even Geoffrey was startled, when he found himself met by a sudden necessity for acting on his own decision. Anne knew where his brother lived. Suppose Anne (not knowing where else



"ARNOLD TOOK A STOOL AT BLANCHE'S FEET, AND OPENED THE 'FIRST BOOK' OF PARADISE LOST."

to find him) appeared at his brother's house, and claimed him in the presence of Mrs. Glenarm? He gave orders to have the messenger kept waiting, and said he would send back a written reply.

"From Craig Fernie?" asked Arnold, pointing to the letter in his friend's hand.

Geoffrey looked up with a frown. He had just opened his lips to answer that ill-timed reference to Anne, in no very friendly terms—when a voice, calling to Arnold from the lawn outside, announced the appearance of a third person in the library, and warned the two gentlemen that their private interview was at an end.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

NEARER STILL.

Blanche stepped lightly into the room, through one of the open French windows.

"What are you doing here?" she said to Arnold.

"Nothing. I was just going to look for you in the garden."

"The garden is insufferable, this morning." Saying those words, she fanned herself with her handkerchief, and noticed Geoffrey's presence in the room with a look of very thinly-concealed annoyance at the discovery. "Wait till I am married!" she thought. "Mr. Delamayn will be cleverer than I take him to be, if he gets much of his friend's company *then!*"

"A trifle too hot—eh?" said Geoffrey, seeing her eyes fixed on him, and supposing that he was expected to say something.

Having performed that duty, he walked away without waiting for a reply; and seated himself, with his letter, at one of the writing-tables in the library.

"Sir Patrick is quite right about the young men of the present day," said Blanche, turning to Arnold. "Here is this one asks me a question, and doesn't wait for an answer. There are three more of them, out in the garden, who have been talking of nothing, for the last hour, but the pedigrees of horses and the muscles of men. When we are married, Arnold, don't present any of your male friends to me, unless they have turned fifty. What shall we do till luncheon-time? It's cool and quiet in here among the books. I want a mild excitement—and I have got absolutely nothing to do. Suppose you read me some poetry?"

"While *he* is here?" asked Arnold, pointing to the personified antithesis of poetry—otherwise to Geoffrey, seated with his back to them at the farther end of the library.

"Pooh!" said Blanche. "There's only an animal in the room. We needn't mind *him!*"

"I say!" exclaimed Arnold. "You're as bitter, this morning, as Sir Patrick himself. What will you say to Me when we are married, if you talk in that way of my friend?"

Blanche stole her hand into Arnold's hand, and gave it a little significant squeeze. "I shall always be nice to *you*," she whispered—with a look that contained a host of pretty promises in itself. Arnold returned the look (Geoffrey was unquestionably in the way!). Their eyes met tenderly (why couldn't the great awkward brute write his letters somewhere else?). With a faint little sigh, Blanche dropped resignedly into one of the comfortable arm-chairs—and asked once more for "some poetry," in a voice that faltered softly, and with a color that was brighter than usual.

"Whose poetry am I to read?" inquired Arnold.

"Any body's," said Blanche. "This is another of my Impulses. I am dying for some poetry. I don't know whose poetry. And I don't know why."

Arnold went straight to the nearest book-shelf, and took down the first volume that his hand lighted on—a solid quarto, bound in sober brown.

"Well?" asked Blanche. "What have you found?"

Arnold opened the volume, and conscientiously read the title exactly as it stood:

"Paradise Lost. A Poem. By John Milton."

"I have never read Milton," said Blanche. "Have you?"

"No."

"Another instance of sympathy between us. No educated person ought to be ignorant of Milton. Let us be educated persons. Please begin."

"At the beginning?"

"Of course! Stop! You musn't sit all that way off—you must sit where I can look at you. My attention wanders if I don't look at people while they read."

Arnold took a stool at Blanche's feet, and opened the "First Book" of Paradise Lost. His "system" as a reader of blank verse was simplicity itself. In poetry we are some of us (as many living poets can testify) all for sound; and some of us (as few living poets can testify) all for sense. Arnold was for sound. He ended every line inexorably with a full stop; and he got on to his full stop as fast as the inevitable impediment of the words would let him. He began:

"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit.
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste.
Brought death into the world and all our woe.
With loss of Eden till one greater Man.
Restore us and regain the blissful seat.
Sing heavenly Muse—"

"Beautiful!" said Blanche. "What a shame it seems to have had Milton all this time in the library and never to have read him yet! We will have Mornings with Milton, Arnold. He seems long; but we are both young, and we *may* live to get to the end of him. Do you know, dear, now I look at you again, you don't seem to have come back to Windygates in good spirits."

"Don't I? I can't account for it."

"I can. It's sympathy with Me. I am out of spirits too."

"You!"

"Yes. After what I saw at Craig Fernie, I grow more and more uneasy about Anne. You will understand that, I am sure, after what I told you this morning?"

Arnold looked back, in a violent hurry, from Blanche to Milton. That renewed reference to events at Craig Fernie was a renewed reproach to him for his conduct at the inn. He attempted to silence her by pointing to Geoffrey.

"Don't forget," he whispered, "that there is somebody in the room besides ourselves."

Blanche shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"What does *he* matter?" she asked. "What does *he* know or care about Anne?"

There was only one other chance of diverting her from the delicate subject. Arnold went on reading headlong, two lines in advance of the place at which he had left off, with more sound and less sense than ever:

"In the beginning how the heavens and earth.
Rose out of Chaos or if Sion hill—"

At "Sion hill," Blanche interrupted him again.

"Do wait a little, Arnold. I can't have Milton crammed down my throat in that way. Besides I had something to say. Did I tell you that I consulted my uncle about Anne? I don't think I did. I caught him alone in this very room. I told him all I have told you. I showed him Anne's letter. And I said, 'What do you think?' He took a little time (and a great deal of snuff) before he would say what he thought. When he did speak, he told me I might quite possibly be right in suspecting Anne's husband to be a very abominable person. His keeping himself out of my way was (just as I thought) a suspicious circumstance, to begin with. And then there was the sudden extinguishing of the candles, when I first went in. I thought (and Mrs. Inchbare thought) it was done by the wind. Sir Patrick suspects it was done by the horrid man himself, to prevent me from seeing him when I entered the room. I am firmly persuaded Sir Patrick is right. What do *you* think?"

"I think we had better go on," said Arnold, with his head down over his book. "We seem to be forgetting Milton."

"How you do worry about Milton! That last bit wasn't as interesting as the other. Is there any love in Paradise Lost?"

"Perhaps we may find some if we go on."

"Very well, then. Go on. And be quick about it."

Arnold was *so* quick about it that he lost his place. Instead of going on he went back. He read once more:

"In the beginning how the heavens and earth.
Rose out of Chaos or if Sion hill—"

"You read that before," said Blanche.

"I think not."

"I'm sure you did. When you said 'Sion hill' I recollect I thought of the Methodists directly. I couldn't have thought of the Methodists if you hadn't said 'Sion hill.' It stands to reason."

"I'll try the next page," said Arnold. "I can't have read that before—for I haven't turned over yet."

Blanche threw herself back in her chair, and flung her handkerchief resignedly over her face. "The flies," she explained. "I'm not going to sleep. Try the next page. Oh, dear me, try the next page!"

Arnold proceeded:

"Say first for heaven-hides nothing from thy view.
Nor the deep tract of hell say first what cause.
Moved our grand parents in that happy state—"

Blanche suddenly threw the handkerchief off again, and sat bolt upright in her chair. "Shut it up," she cried. "I can't bear any more. Leave off, Arnold—leave off!"

"What's the matter now?"

"'That happy state,'" said Blanche. "What does 'that happy state' mean? Marriage, of course! And marriage reminds me of Anne. I won't have any more. Paradise Lost is painful. Shut it up. Well, my next question to Sir Patrick was, of course, to know what he thought Anne's husband had done. The wretch had behaved infamously to her in some way. In what way? Was it any thing to do with her marriage? My uncle considered again. He thought it quite possible. Private marriages were dangerous things (he said)—especially in Scotland. He asked me if they had been married in Scotland. I couldn't tell him—I only said, 'Suppose they were? What then?' 'It's barely possible, in that case,' says Sir Patrick, 'that Miss Silvester may be feeling uneasy about her marriage. She may even have reason—or may think she has reason—to doubt whether it *is* a marriage at all.'"

Arnold started, and looked round at Geoffrey still sitting at the writing-table with his back turned on them. Utterly as Blanche and Sir Patrick were mistaken in their estimate of Anne's position at Craig Fernie, they had drifted, nevertheless, into discussing the very question in which Geoffrey and Miss Silvester were interested—the question of marriage in Scotland. It was impossible in Blanche's presence to tell Geoffrey that he might do well to listen to Sir Patrick's opinion, even at second-hand. Perhaps the words had found their way to him? perhaps he was listening already, of his own accord?

(He *was* listening. Blanche's last words had found their way to him, while he was pondering over his half-finished letter to his brother. He waited to hear more—without moving, and with the pen suspended in his hand.)

Blanche proceeded, absently winding her fingers in and out of Arnold's hair as he sat at her feet:

"It flashed on me instantly that Sir Patrick had discovered the truth. Of course I told him so. He laughed, and said I mustn't jump at conclusions. We were guessing quite in the dark; and all the distressing things I had noticed at the inn might admit of some totally different explanation. He would have gone on splitting straws in that provoking way the whole morning if I hadn't stopped him. I was strictly logical. I said *I* had seen Anne, and *he* hadn't—and that made all the difference. I said, 'Every thing that puzzled and frightened me in the poor darling is accounted for now. The law must, and shall, reach that man, uncle—and I'll pay for it!' I was so much in earnest that I believe I cried a little. What do you think the dear old man did? He took me on his knee and gave me a kiss; and he said, in the nicest way, that he would adopt my view, for the present, if I would promise not to cry any more; and—wait! the cream of it is to come!—that he would put the view in quite a new light to me as soon as I was composed again. You may imagine how soon I dried my eyes, and what a picture of composure I presented in the course of half a minute. 'Let us take it for granted,' says Sir Patrick, 'that this man unknown has really tried to deceive Miss Silvester, as you and I suppose. I can tell you one thing: it's as likely as not that, in trying to overreach *her*, he may (without in the least suspecting it) have ended in overreaching himself.'"

(Geoffrey held his breath. The pen dropped unheeded from his fingers. It was coming! The light that his brother couldn't throw on the subject was dawning on it at last!)

Blanche resumed:

"I was so interested, and it made such a tremendous impression on me, that I haven't forgotten a word. 'I mustn't make that poor little head of yours ache with Scotch law,' my uncle said; 'I must put it plainly. There are marriages allowed in Scotland, Blanche, which are called Irregular Marriages—and very abominable things they are. But they have this accidental merit in the present case. It is extremely difficult for a man to pretend to marry in Scotland, and not really to do it. And it is, on the other hand, extremely easy for a man to drift into marrying in Scotland without feeling the slightest suspicion of having done it himself.' That was exactly what he said, Arnold. When *we* are married, it sha'n't be in Scotland!"

(Geoffrey's ruddy color paled. If this was true, he might be caught himself in the trap which he had schemed to set for Anne! Blanche went on with her narrative. He waited and listened.)

"My uncle asked me if I understood him so far. It was as plain as the sun at noonday; of course I understood him! 'Very well, then—now for the application!' says Sir Patrick. 'Once more supposing our guess to be the right one, Miss Silvester may be making herself very unhappy without any real cause. If this invisible man at Craig Fernie has actually meddled, I won't say with marrying her, but only with pretending to make her his wife, and if he has attempted it in Scotland, the chances are nine to one (though *he* may not believe it, and though *she* may not believe it) that he has really married her, after all.' My uncle's own words again! Quite needless to say that, half an hour after they were out of his lips, I had sent them to Craig Fernie in a letter to Anne!"

(Geoffrey's stolidly-staring eyes suddenly brightened. A light of the devil's own striking illuminated him. An idea of the devil's own bringing entered his mind. He looked stealthily round at the man whose life he had saved—at the man who had devotedly served him in return. A hideous cunning leered at his mouth and peeped out of his eyes. "Arnold Brinkworth pretended to be married to her at the inn. By the lord Harry! that's a way out of it that never struck me before!" With that thought in his heart he turned back again to his half-finished letter to Julius. For once in his life he was strongly, fiercely agitated. For once in his life he was daunted—and that by his Own Thought! He had written to Julius under a strong sense of the necessity of gaining time to delude Anne into leaving Scotland before he ventured on paying his addresses to Mrs. Glenarm. His letter contained a string of clumsy excuses, intended to delay his return to his brother's house. "No," he said to himself, as he read it again. "Whatever else may do—*this* won't!" He looked round once more at Arnold, and slowly tore the letter into fragments as he looked.)

In the mean time Blanche had not done yet. "No," she said, when Arnold proposed an adjournment to the garden; "I have something more to say, and you are interested in it, this time." Arnold resigned himself to listen, and, worse still, to answer, if there was no help for it, in the character of an innocent stranger who had never been near the Craig Fernie inn.

"Well," Blanche resumed, "and what do you think has come of my letter to Anne?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Nothing has come of it!"

"Indeed?"

"Absolutely nothing! I know she received the letter yesterday morning. I ought to have had the answer to-day at breakfast."

"Perhaps she thought it didn't require an answer."

"She couldn't have thought that, for reasons that I know of. Besides, in my letter yesterday, I implored her to tell me (if it was one line only) whether, in guessing at what her trouble was, Sir Patrick and I had not guessed right. And here is the day getting on, and no answer! What am I to conclude?"

"I really can't say!"

"Is it possible, Arnold, that we have *not* guessed right, after all? Is the wickedness of that man who blew the candles out wickedness beyond our discovering? The doubt is so dreadful that I have made up my mind not to bear it after to-day. I count on your sympathy and assistance when to-morrow comes!"

Arnold's heart sank. Some new complication was evidently gathering round him. He waited in silence to hear the worst. Blanche bent forward, and whispered to him.

"This is a secret," she said. "If that creature at the writing-table has ears for any thing but rowing and racing, he mustn't hear this! Anne may come to me privately to-day while you are all at luncheon. If she doesn't come, and if I don't hear from her, then the mystery of her silence must be cleared up; and You must do it!"

"I!"

"Don't make difficulties! If you can't find your way to Craig Fernie, I can help you. As for Anne, you know what a charming person she is, and you know she will receive you perfectly, for my sake. I must and will have some news of her. I can't break the laws of the household a second time. Sir Patrick sympathizes, but he won't stir. Lady Lundie is a bitter enemy. The servants are threatened with the loss of their places if any one of them goes near Anne. There is nobody but you. And to Anne you go to-morrow, if I don't see her or hear from her to-day!"

This to the man who had passed as Anne's husband at the inn, and who had been forced into the most intimate knowledge of Anne's miserable secret! Arnold rose to put Milton away, with the composure of sheer despair. Any other secret he might, in the last resort, have confided to the discretion of a third person. But a woman's secret—with a woman's reputation depending on his keeping it—was not to be confided to any body, under any stress of circumstances whatever. "If Geoffrey doesn't get me out of *this*," he thought, "I shall have no choice but to leave Windygates to-morrow."

As he replaced the book on the shelf, Lady Lundie entered the library from the garden.

"What are you doing here?" she said to her step-daughter.

"Improving my mind," replied Blanche. "Mr. Brinkworth and I have been reading Milton."

"Can you condescend so far, after reading Milton all the morning, as to help me with the invitations for the dinner next week?"

"If *you* can condescend, Lady Lundie, after feeding the poultry all the morning, I must be humility itself after only reading Milton!"

With that little interchange of the acid amenities of feminine intercourse, step-mother and step-daughter withdrew to a writing-table, to put the virtue of hospitality in practice together.

Arnold joined his friend at the other end of the library.

Geoffrey was sitting with his elbows on the desk, and his clenched fists dug into his cheeks. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and the fragments of a torn letter lay scattered all round him. He exhibited symptoms of nervous sensibility for the first time in his life—he started when Arnold spoke to him.

"What's the matter, Geoffrey?"

"A letter to answer. And I don't know how."

"From Miss Silvester?" asked Arnold, dropping his voice so as to prevent the ladies at the other end of the room from hearing him.

"No," answered Geoffrey, in a lower voice still.

"Have you heard what Blanche has been saying to me about Miss Silvester?"

"Some of it."

"Did you hear Blanche say that she meant to send me to Craig Fernie to-morrow, if she failed to get news from Miss Silvester to-day?"

"No."

"Then you know it now. That is what Blanche has just said to me."

"Well?"

"Well—there's a limit to what a man can expect even from his best friend. I hope you won't ask me to be Blanche's messenger to-morrow. I can't, and won't, go back to the inn as things are now."

"You have had enough of it—eh?"

"I have had enough of distressing Miss Silvester, and more than enough of deceiving Blanche."

"What do you mean by 'distressing Miss Silvester?'"

"She doesn't take the same easy view that you and I do, Geoffrey, of my passing her off on the people of the inn as my wife."

Geoffrey absently took up a paper-knife. Still with his head down, he began shaving off the topmost layer of paper from the blotting-pad under his hand. Still with his head down, he abruptly broke the silence in a whisper.

"I say!"

"Yes?"

"How did you manage to pass her off as your wife?"

"I told you how, as we were driving from the station here."

"I was thinking of something else. Tell me again."

Arnold told him once more what had happened at the inn. Geoffrey listened, without making any remark. He balanced the paper-knife vacantly on one of his fingers. He was strangely sluggish and strangely silent.

"All *that* is done and ended," said Arnold, shaking him by the shoulder. "It rests with you now to get me out of the difficulty I'm placed in with Blanche. Things must be settled with Miss Silvester to-day."

"Things *shall* be settled."

"Shall be? What are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiting to do what you told me."

"What I told you?"

"Didn't you tell me to consult Sir Patrick before I married her?"

"To be sure! so I did."

"Well—I am waiting for a chance with Sir Patrick."

"And then?"

"And then—" He looked at Arnold for the

first time. "Then," he said, "you may consider it settled."

"The marriage?"

He suddenly looked down again at the blotting-pad. "Yes—the marriage."

Arnold offered his hand in congratulation. Geoffrey never noticed it. His eyes were off the blotting-pad again. He was looking out of the window near him.

"Don't I hear voices outside?" he asked.

"I believe our friends are in the garden," said Arnold. "Sir Patrick may be among them. I'll go and see."

The instant his back was turned Geoffrey snatched up a sheet of note-paper. "Before I forget it!" he said to himself. He wrote the word "Memorandum" at the top of the page, and added these lines beneath it:

"He asked for her by the name of his wife at the door. He said, at dinner, before the landlady and the waiter, 'I take these rooms for my wife.' He made *her* say he was her husband at the same time. After that he stopped all night. What do the lawyers call this in Scotland?—(Query: a marriage?)"

After folding up the paper he hesitated for a moment. "No!" he thought. "It won't do to trust to what Miss Lundie said about it. I can't be certain till I have consulted Sir Patrick himself."

He put the paper away in his pocket, and wiped the heavy perspiration from his forehead. He was pale—for *him*, strikingly pale—when Arnold came back.

"Any thing wrong, Geoffrey?—you're as white as ashes."

"It's the heat. Where's Sir Patrick?"

"You may see for yourself."

Arnold pointed to the window. Sir Patrick was crossing the lawn, on his way to the library, with a newspaper in his hand; and the guests at Windygates were accompanying him. Sir Patrick was smiling, and saying nothing. The guests were talking excitedly at the tops of their voices. There had apparently been a collision of some kind between the old school and the new. Arnold directed Geoffrey's attention to the state of affairs on the lawn.

"How are you to consult Sir Patrick with all those people about him?"

"I'll consult Sir Patrick, if I take him by the scruff of the neck and carry him into the next county!" He rose to his feet as he spoke those words, and emphasized them under his breath with an oath.

Sir Patrick entered the library, with the guests at his heels.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

WE had battled round the Horn, and up through the "roaring Forties." Decks had just been washed down, and both passengers and crew were rigging themselves out in smarter togs than usual, in honor of our first sunny, quiet Sunday at sea, when one of the men on the forecastle sang out: "A sail!" It was the first that we had seen since we had fairly got away from Sydney, and therefore it excited unusual interest. The captain bade the man at the wheel change the course a point to the westward, that we might make sure of speaking the welcome stranger; and when we came on deck again after breakfast every glass on board was leveled at her, and the signal-box was got out in readiness. We made the stranger out to be a low black brig, with a round stern, a white quarter-rail, and very rakish masts—the lower masts painted white. The spanker was brailed up, but all other canvas, except studding-sails, was set—even a cotton main sky-sail. The brig flew no bunting of any kind; but something in the cut of her double top-sails, and the build of her hull and white deck-houses, led the experts on board our ship to pronounce her a Yankee. In vain did we run up our fluttering lines of gay, party-colored little signal-flags. Up and down they went with good-tempered patience, but the brig's gaff still obstinately continued dumb. Not a man or boy could we get a glimpse of on board her; and the way in which she was sailed was most un-Yankee-like, unless there were some piratical purpose in it. Now she was kept full, now she fell off her course with flapping canvas, and sometimes she slewed round, head on to the wind, and she was regularly taken aback. Then presently she would forge round, fill again, and slant off on another tack. If vessels could get tipsy—and one *has* heard of a "tight ship"—you might have said that the brig had taken too much grog on board. Her remarkable manœuvres puzzled us sorely at first, but presently our captain said, contemptuously: "*Pirates!* Not much of that, I reckon. It's my belief that every man Jack on board is drunk. They were drinking 'Sweet-hearts and wives' a little too deep last night, I guess, and now they're all skulking, from the skipper to the cabin-boy. Mr. Largie," to the chief officer, "lower away one of the quarter-boats, and board her. I'll stand off and on till you've found out what's up."

"There's room for you, if you like to come," said Largie to me as he went over the side; and I followed him down into the boat.

The excitement of the trip was attractive after the confined monotony of shipboard life; but, not wishing to make myself out to be braver than I am, I will acknowledge that I felt "rather queer" at first when the davit-blocks were unhooked, and we had pushed off and were pulling away. For one thing, as the light boat was sent up like a foam-bell on the unfathomed waves, I began to fear as to whether I had not boasted too soon of never being sea-sick. For another, the waste of weltering waters, with no visible bottom or shore to reassure a landsman's eye, seemed so drearily boundless, in spite of the sunlight on them—the countless golden spangles on the countless ever-washing waves, indeed, rather intensified the feeling—that I more than half fancied that I had foolishly thrown away my chance of ever getting home across the watery wilderness when the little boat danced off from the big ship; itself looking so insignificant, when seen from the outside, heaving on the vast ocean, beneath the vast sky, that had only one another to limit them, and *that* with a dreamy vagueness which suggested limitless sea and sky beyond. I gazed ruefully at the familiar faces clustered along the bulwarks, and when these faces vanished, as the boat slid down into the trough of the sea, I seemed to be sinking down, down to the centre, or farther, as one seems to be falling through the bed in the same direction on waking from a momentary snatch of dyspeptic sleep. "Use is every thing," however, and use is soon full-grown. After some half-dozen sledge-like dips and cork-like rises, I ceased to look back regretfully at our good ship, and reserved all my curiosity for our "chase." A nice chase she led us, jigging and reeling about as she did. Time after time the mate had to alter the direction of the boat's nose. At last, however, as we topped a ridge crisping into white foam for its fall, we saw the brig bearing right down upon us. She was clipper-built below the water-line, but had bluff, almost apple bows above; and the spray which her sharp cut-water threw up painted their blistered tar with rainbows. About she staggered again, when she had almost run us down, and we pulled under her stern. "Heave us a line, you lubbers!" shouted Largie, as the boat bumped against her weather side. But no line was thrown; so the man in the bows hooked on to the main-chains; the boat was made fast somehow, and we scrambled on board.

The first thing Largie did was to send a man to the wheel, which was "bobbing around" in a very eerie fashion. The tiller-chains ground up and down; the spokes went backward and forward, as if unseen hands—some ghostly mariner's—were pulling and pressing at them. When the flesh-and-blood man at the wheel had had his course given him, the rest of us commenced our inspection. The brig looked most dismally lonely both aloft and alow. The only living thing above deck was a big ape in the foretop, which showed its teeth, and jabbered down at us, as if it had been frightened out of its wits, and then slipped through the lubber-hole, and curled itself up between the mast and the futtock-shrouds. Both the deck-houses were empty. The bunks had been stripped. A pair of sea-boots, a sea-chest with the lid smashed in, a black cutty-pipe, and a litter of rubbish, were the only contents in either. In the galley was half a bucketful of burned rice; and a pannikin, with a drop of something brown in it that tasted like rum and coffee, stood on the stove. The main hatchway was open; the combings and part of the deck close by were charred; a very little of the cargo had also been burned. When we had cleared away the greasy black ashes that lay on the top, we came upon charred hides. There were brown-red splashes and spots, plainly of dried-up blood, upon the deck; a sailor's greasy knife-sheath; a pewter watch-case, trodden out of shape; a heap of biscuit-crumbs, with footmarks in it; and a half-burned envelope, with "——gh——t P—plar" alone legible upon it. Here and there we found a bullet in the bulwarks, that must have been fired on board; and on one of the belaying-pins there was a bloody wisp of gray hair. The water-casks had been started, and we could find no stores. Before we looked for *them*, however, Largie had taken as much sail as he could manage off the brig, for the weather had changed, and the wind was freshening rather disagreeably. The men tried to catch the ape when they went aloft; but he swung himself from rope to rope, rested for a moment to jabber at them, and then again sought some unsociable nook of refuge. The blending of fear and ferocity in his eyes was something horrible to witness. "The muckle beastie is na canny," said a compatriot member of Largie's crew, sagely shaking his huge, gray-eyed, sandy-thatched, Aberdonian head. Before we hunted for the stores, too, we had been down in the cabin, and had seen a sight there which I shall not easily forget.

Upon the floor, under the table, lay a green-painted iron box, with the lid prized off the hinges. A cane-bottomed lounging-chair, with a taper white forefinger clinging, blood-glued, to a rail of the carved back, was overturned in one corner of the cabin. In another, on its back, lay the corpse of a man—a short, spare man, with a yellow "goatee" beard; the upper part of his head was frightfully battered in; and his shirt and green grass-cloth hip-jacket were stiff with the blood that had gushed, and dribbled, and clotted from the score or so of stabs and shot-wounds with which he was riddled. The flesh on the back of his hands was slashed with knife-cuts; clenched in one there was a fragment of frayed black barège. Among the jumble of disordered furniture lay a battered barometer. The cabin had been sacked; lockers and boxes had both been forced open. We found no papers—nothing that could give us the least clew. The brig did not carry her name upon her stern; her quarter-boards had been wrenched off, and all her boats were gone. The only thing we did find that shed any additional light upon the awful tragedy that had plainly been enacted on that cramped stage, was a photograph in the sleeping-berth. It had fallen between the battens of a tumbled bunk; but the open lid of its case had kept it from dropping to the floor. It was the likeness of an exceedingly beautiful young woman, nursing a plump baby, with a short, spare, goatee-bearded man leaning on the back of her chair. Interested—flesh-creepingly interested—as I could not help feeling in our gloomy search, I was very glad when Largie said that it was time to put an end to it. For some time the brig had been pitching and rolling in a manner very alarming to a landsman, who remembered that he had to be tossed in a cockle-shell of a boat before he could once more feel himself homeward bound. Our ship was taking in reefs; it was high time to get on board. Accordingly, Largie ran the brig in as near as he durst; and then, lashing the helm to keep her clear, we went over the side. The pull back was not a very long one; but I, at any rate, was very glad when it was over. The boat was nearly stove in when we got alongside. I never felt more thankful in my life than when I was pushed and hauled on deck, drenched to the skin. When safe back among cheerful faces and voices in our own good ship once more, I felt as if only in a nightmare dream could I ever have been on board the blood-stained floating hearse that was slanting away into the distance—left perforce to the wild will of the winds and waves; the murdered captain lying stiff in the cabin, with the jabbering ape in the rigging for sole mourner.

CURLING.

THIS, the national winter game of Scotland, illustrated in our engraving on page 52, is becoming very popular in the United States, the various curling clubs bearing on their rolls the names of many native-born citizens, although, naturally, Scotchmen are in the majority.

Curling is of considerable but uncertain antiquity. It was probably introduced into North Britain from the Low Countries about three centuries ago, some of the terms used in the game indicating a Flemish origin.

The players, four or five on each side, headed by a *skip*, who directs the play of his partners, are provided each with two round polished stones, having a handle inserted in the upper side, which they propel along the smooth surface of the ice; and the object of each side is to leave as many of their stones as possible in close proximity to the mark or "tee," which is generally forty-two yards distant from the starting-point. As the players on either side put each a stone in turn, the play is, of course, directed to "guarding" the well-placed stones of their own party, and to driving away those of their opponents. Each player is armed with a broom to clear the way for their stones when in motion. To a looker-on curling, like many other games, appears a simple, not to say rather an absurd amusement; but one has only to watch the intense excitement visible from time to time on many a wrinkled face topped by gray hairs, to be assured that there is more fun in "*a hog*," greater glee in "*filling the port*," and more misery in being "*twisted*," than is dreamed of by those unfamiliar with the game and its queer terms.

Curling has its advantages and its disadvantages: the former, in that it conduces to healthful outdoor exercise at a season of the year when most of us are content to seek enjoyment in warm and too frequently overheated rooms; while it labors under the disadvantage of being entirely subject to King Frost, as, like skating, it can only be enjoyed when the ponds are covered with a thick coating of ice.

The stones used are very heavy, weighing each from thirty-five to fifty pounds. It sounds somewhat like a Hibernicism to say that some of the stones, made of iron, weigh seventy-five pounds each. We believe these are much used in Canada.

The Grand National Curling Club of the United States, having for its Patron (a curious title, by-the-way, in this republican country) ROBERT GORDON, Esq., of New York, and for its President DAVID BELL, Esq., of Buffalo, includes some twenty-two different clubs from Milwaukee to Jersey City.

Weather permitting, there is to be a Grand Curling *Tournament* in the New York Central Park this winter; but why, we ask our curlers, should they give up the good old term of *Bonspiel* for one in no way connected with the ancient pastime?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Metropolitan Board of Health is untiring in its efforts to rid our city from all that is unwholesome and noxious. Lately the subject of watered and "swill" milk has been before them—as well as before the public. In regard to "swill" milk the most disgusting and fearful revelations have been made, showing that milk from cows fed on distillery waste is sold in this city and in Brooklyn, and that the animals are kept in close, unwholesome quarters, and in many cases are in a hopelessly diseased condition. A recent visitor to one of these "swill-milk" establishments declares that the odor of the swill is sickening; and that to get good milk from cows kept in such horribly filthy places would be an impossibility, even if suitable food were given them. The laws of this State touching this subject are stringent, and if public officials will enforce them, the traffic in "swill-milk" can be suppressed. Not only is it illegal to adulterate milk offered for sale, but the law declares that "any milk that is obtained from animals fed on distillery waste, usually called 'swill,' or upon any substance in a state of putrefaction or fermentation, is impure and unwholesome; and any person offering such adulterated or unwholesome milk for sale or for exchange exposes himself to a fine, or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court."

The Academy of Sciences at Paris received at its last sitting a curious paper from Dr. Scoutetten on a curious effect of electricity. The house of a vine-grower at Digne, Paris, was struck by lightning a few months ago. The fluid penetrated into the cellar and broke several casks, the wine of which flowed into a small vat which was purposely sunk into the floor to receive any liquid spilled by accident. The proprietor, thinking his wine was spoiled, at first sold it at the rate of ten centimes a litre; but on tasting it some time after found it excellent, and sold it at sixty centimes. He then subjected some inferior wines to direct experiments, out of curiosity, and found them transformed into valuable drinks. It so happened that a cask of inferior Moselle was subjected to the process for a month and then forgotten. One day, however, the cellarman was ordered to put it into bottles, being at the same time informed that it was of indifferent quality. The man, having tasted it, found it, on the contrary, so superior in flavor that, suspecting a mistake, he went and told his employer, who found his wine transformed into an excellent one. To perform the operation the wires of the voltaic pile should be tipped with platinum, to which must be attached electrodes of the same metal, which both dip into the liquid to be improved.

Mr. Stanton leaves only his home in Washington to his family. When he went into the Cabinet he was well off, and had an income of $20,000 a year. But his salary of $8000 did not support him, and he drew on his reserve. He had no interest in contracts; and when the war was over he left the Cabinet a poor man, and was obliged to go to work in his profession. After the war a large sum was offered him by New York friends; but he always refused any pecuniary aid.

Newark wants to have a public park—a public blessing it would be also. It is proposed to lay it out in the vicinity of the State Fair grounds, between the upper and lower roads from Elizabeth.

Gold was dearer than life to an old miser in Philadelphia when his miserable domicile took fire a short time ago. He clung frantically to his old trunk, which doubtless contained his much-prized hoard, and could not be persuaded to leave it. The spectators at length rushed into the burning building and dragged him out. But he set up a fearful howling, and would not be quieted until some one ventured into the fiery element and brought out the trunk, which he at once seized, and then disappeared amidst the crowd.

An earthquake-proof church is being built in San Francisco on a plan intended to prevent loss of life in the event of the shaking down of the walls.

This is the latest gossip about Père Hyacinthe—as to the truth of it we have nothing to say—events will prove its genuineness or falsity. In 1867 a Boston gentleman, together with his wife and widowed sister, were in Paris. Of course they, among the other wonders of the French capital, went to hear Père Hyacinthe. The widow, who is young and quite wealthy, fell in love with the Père. Meetings were brought about, and the feeling became mutual. Under the tutelage of the Boston lady the priest became more and more outspoken in his views, and finally events culminated in his retirement from his monastic orders. On coming to America he went to Boston, where he met the lady who had drawn him hither. It is with the intention of settling private affairs in France that he returned; but before long he will return to America, and probably remain here, and marry the lady who has drawn him away from father-land and mother church.

There is a prospect that one of these days we shall be blown through the city in street cars, and that the poor horses will enjoy a luxuriant rest. A company has been organized in New Orleans who propose to run street cars with tanks of compressed air as a motive power. Some experiments on a small scale have already been made, and resulted satisfactorily. It is computed that there are forty thousand cars in use on the street railroads in the United States. If this experiment proves ultimately successful, the right to use the apparatus will doubtless be sought by all companies, as the expense of running cars will be greatly reduced thereby.

One hundred and twenty-nine fires, or more than one-tenth of the total number in New York and Brooklyn during the year 1869, were caused by kerosene and other products of petroleum used for illuminating purposes. By these fires ten persons were burned to death, and thirty-five more or less seriously injured. The damage to property from this cause is estimated at $82,150—$72,720 in New York, and $9430 in Brooklyn.

A lady in Peoria, Illinois, entered a gambling saloon the other evening—she being closely veiled—and asked for her husband. She found him playing cards, and considerably excited. He did not notice his wife until she sat down by his side, and, pointing to the tumbler of hot whisky, said: "That looks good; I guess I'll take some of it." To say that he was surprised but feebly expresses his utter amazement as he looked at her. As he attempted to drink the whisky she dashed it to the floor. The husband then concluded to leave; and as they went out the lady pulled aside her veil, remarking, as she glanced around: "This is a nice place. I wonder why ladies can't come here as well as gentlemen!"

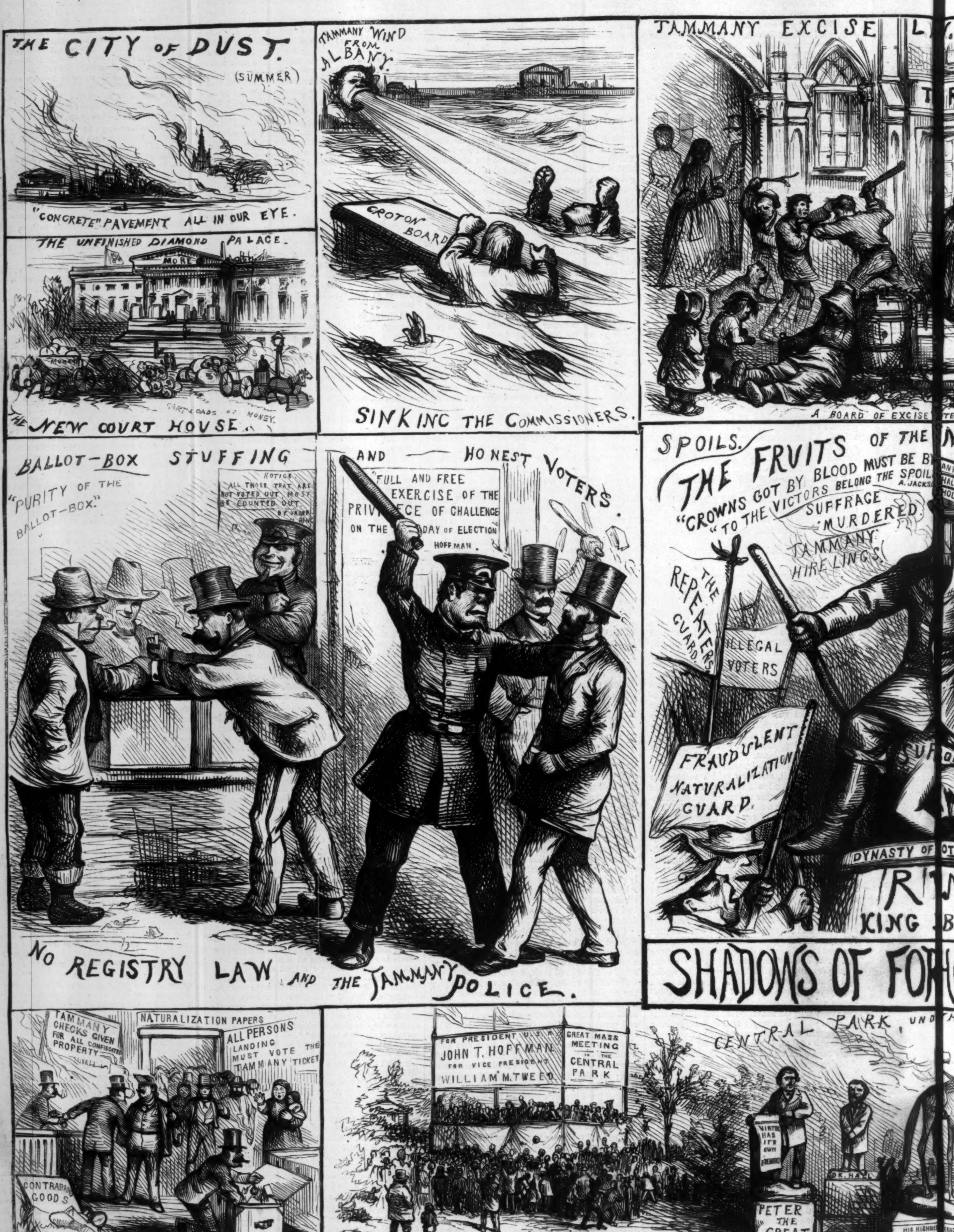
It is said that the students in Oberlin College, Ohio, do not use tobacco. The reason for this strange conduct is referred to the fact that there are so many lady students in the institution. A good result, certainly.

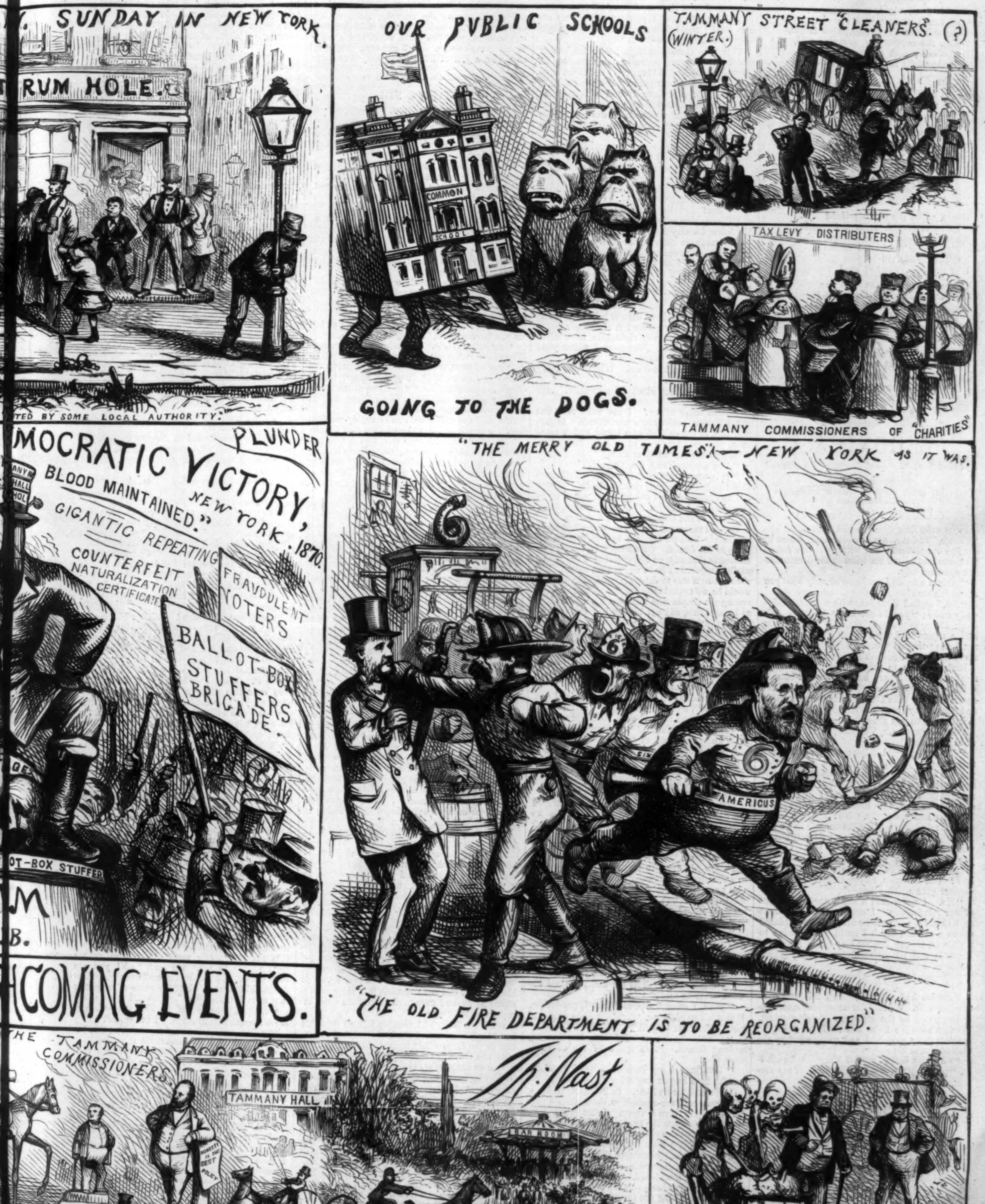
The *Journal of Health* objects to the common practice of putting an open vessel of water on a stove, to prevent the air of a room from getting too dry. It says that by thus filling the air with steam it is made far less nutritious, and also renders the person extremely liable to take cold. Pure air admitted from without is better than filling the room with vapor of water.

"The Young Ladies' Humanitarian Association for Helping Blind Men Across the Street" originated in a very simple incident. A New York bachelor saw a nice young woman helping a blind man across the street, and forthwith was introduced, wooed, and married the girl. She told her lady friends all about it, and immediately the above-named charitable society was formed—at least so "they say."

The opelet, one of the wonders of the sea, is about as large as the German aster, having numerous long, glossy petals of light green tipped with rose-color. The opelet clings to the rocks, but the petals wave about in the water, looking innocent and lovely. But the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

Are the days of gas for street-lighting purposes numbered? A German astronomer informs the credulous that we are soon to have another moon, much nearer the earth than our present satellite!


THE CITY OF DUST.
(SUMMER)
"CONCRETE" PAVEMENT ALL IN OUR EYE.
THE UNFINISHED DIAMOND PALACE.
MORE
MONEY
CART-LOADS OF MONEY.
THE NEW COURT HOUSE.
TAMMANY WIND FROM ALBANY.
CROTON BOARD
SINKING THE COMMISSIONERS.
TAMMANY EXCISE L
A BOARD OF EXCISE
BALLOT-BOX STUFFING
"PURITY OF THE BALLOT-BOX."
NOTICE. ALL THOSE THAT ARE NOT VOTED OUT MUST BE COUNTED OUT. BY ORDER
AND — HONEST VOTERS.
"FULL AND FREE EXERCISE OF THE PRIVILEGE OF CHALLENGE ON THE DAY OF ELECTION HOFFMAN.
NO REGISTRY LAW AND THE TAMMANY POLICE.
SPOILS. THE FRUITS OF THE
"CROWNS GOT BY BLOOD MUST BE BY
"TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOIL
A. JACKS
SUFFRAGE MURDERED.
TAMMANY HIRELINGS.
THE REPEATERS GUARD
ILLEGAL VOTERS
FRAUDULENT NATURALIZATION GUARD.
DYNASTY OF
KING
SHADOWS OF FOR
TAMMANY CHECKS GIVEN FOR ALL CONFISCATED PROPERTY
NATURALIZATION PAPERS
ALL PERSONS LANDING MUST VOTE THE TAMMANY TICKET
CONTRABAND GOODS
TAMMANY COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATIO
FOR PRESIDENT U.S.A JOHN T. HOFFMAN FOR VICE PRESIDENT WILLIAM M. TWEED
GREAT MASS MEETING IN THE CENTRAL PARK
TAMMANY MASS MEETING ON THE MALL
CENTRAL PARK, UND
VIRTUE HAS IT'S OWN REWARD
PETER THE GREAT
OK. HALL
HIS HIGHNE ON A HO
TAMMAN


SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.
RUM HOLE.
TED BY SOME LOCAL AUTHORITY.
OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS
COMMON SCHOOL
GOING TO THE DOGS.
TAMMANY STREET "CLEANERS." (?)
(WINTER.)
TAX LEVY DISTRIBUTERS
TAMMANY COMMISSIONERS OF "CHARITIES"
MOCRATIC VICTORY,
PLUNDER
BLOOD MAINTAINED."
NEW YORK. 1870.
GIGANTIC REPEATING
COUNTERFEIT NATURALIZATION CERTIFICATE
FRAUDULENT VOTERS
BALLOT-BOX STUFFERS BRIGADE.
OT-BOX STUFFER
HCOMING EVENTS.
"THE MERRY OLD TIMES."—NEW YORK AS IT WAS.
6
AMERICUS
"THE OLD FIRE DEPARTMENT IS TO BE REORGANIZED".
THE TAMMANY COMMISSIONERS.
TAMMANY HALL
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY
CONNOLLY
MR. SUPERVISOR STREET COMMISSION SENATOR TAMM SACHEM
RNOR OF N.Y.
CIRCLE.
"HIGH ART"
BAR ROOM
RACE COURSE.
Th: Nast.
TAMMANY BOARD OF "HEALTH." DEATH

LOST IN THE SNOW.

See Illustration on Page 60.

ON this drear night, going whither,
Mournful mother, with thy child?
What sad fate has brought thee hither,
Now the snow-storm, sweeping wild,
Buries every path and track,
And the night is gathering black?

All the firs are weighed with snow;
Every hedge heaves like a grave.
Faster o'er the road you go
Spreads the white and treacherous wave.
After thee, with silent tread,
Steals a summoner from the dead.

Clasp thy child unto thy breast,
Closer, lest he tear it hence.
Onward; if thou stay and rest
For a moment, by yon fence,
Yon pursuer's savage grasp
Thy fond treasure will unclasp.

Hurry, while thy chilling blood
Still can give thee life and speed;
Knee-deep through the freezing flood,
Faster o'er the buried mead;
Till the distant village peal
O'er thy drowsy senses steal.

Cry to Heaven!—Jesu send her
Guardian angels swiftly down!
Saviour of Mankind, befriend her!
Fainter now, she half sinks down,
When a ray of friendly light
Darts, swift piercing through the night.

Then there come a pleasant jangling,
As of bells, and lusty voices;
And a shouting, merry wrangling—
Ere she leaps up and rejoices,
Two great giant-arms have bound her.
'Tis her husband who has found her!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

IT was the first time she had ever called him "Cesare," and the sound of his name uttered by her lips overpowered him with joy. He fell on his knees and kissed her hand in his demonstrative southern way.

"Anima mia, do I not know already what you would tell me?"

"No," replied Veronica, with a faint melancholy smile; "you do not know or guess. Sit down there, opposite to me, and listen. You said a reproachful word to me just now about not having trusted you. I want you to understand how little I deserve a reproach from you."

Barletti began to protest that he had never meant to reproach her; but she checked him.

"No, no; say no more. Hear me out. Last autumn at the Villa Chiari, when I was startled and alarmed by Sir John's illness, you remember that I spoke to you about it?"

"Remember! Ah, Veronica, can I forget any word of yours?"

"Many, I should think: but probably not those words. Well; it was not merely that you were the only intimate acquaintance who frequented our house; it was not even that I thought you kind-hearted and sympathizing, and that in my utter loneliness I yearned for kindness and sympathy. No: all that would not have sufficed to make me confide in you as I did. I knew that there was a tie between us which gave me a real claim on you. Cesare, you and I are cousins."

"Cousins! You and I are cousins! But how? Oh, Veronica, and you never said a word—never gave a hint—that—"

"No. I never said a word, nor gave a hint of our relationship. I never should have done so, had not Sir John done me justice and placed me in a position which I could acknowledge to my kindred. My mother was Stella Maria de' Barletti; and your grandfather and my grandfather were brothers."

"Dio mio! But he—Gale—must have known this?"

Veronica had not anticipated this commonsense remark. Barletti did not appear sufficiently impressed by the greatness of her conduct. When a sensitive artist has made his point, he requires to be sustained and encouraged by the enthusiasm of his auditors.

"Sir John Gale," replied Veronica, haughtily, "probably never heard the name of my mother. She has been dead many years. I have not been in the habit of speaking to him of my maternal ancestors. He is a parvenu, and, like all parvenus, pretentious and jealous on the score of family."

This magnificent tone a little bewildered Barletti. He knew very well what value was set on a member of the younger branch of the princely family de' Barletti in their own country. Poor princes had been plentiful in his world ever since he could remember; but rich English baronets had not. He recollected having heard that his respected great-uncle (Veronica's grandfather) had married a young English lady with a very moderate dowry (as to her pedigree, no one had thought of inquiring, so far as he knew), and that his respected great-uncle was thought to have done uncommonly well.

"And so we are really cousins!" he said, looking wistfully at Veronica's tear-stained face. "Ah, idolo mio, no cousinship can make me love you more than I love you already!"

"You do not seem to understand, Cesare, that I refrained from claiming you as my kinsman, or of hinting at our relationship to Sir John, solely out of regard to the honor of our family," said Veronica, impatiently. "Some women might have appealed to you to see them righted. But, although *I knew* that the facts of my story could do you no dishonor, I resolved to keep my secret until I could face the world, which judges only by outside appearances."

This was clumsy enough. The inspiration which enables such imitative temperaments as Veronica's to deceive themselves had faded from lack of responsive sympathy. But the applause *must* be had, at whatsoever cost of insistence! At last Cesare understood what was expected of him. And, be it noted, there was nothing in his mind to make his response otherwise than genuine.

"Dear, noble Veronica!" he exclaimed, gazing into her face with intense admiration.

"Ah, Cesare, you did not understand me!"

"But I know, now, how brave and noble you have been! And I know how utterly unworthy of you is that man who—"

"Hush! Let that rest. He is very, very ill."

"I saw him lifted into the carriage. But, Veronica, he may linger a long time yet."

She made no answer, but drew a little apart from him, as he seated himself beside her.

"I wish—I wish, Veronica, that you would throw me a word of hope to feed on in these weary days!"

"What can I say, Cesare? This is not a moment to press such words on me. Do not make me feel that I could not dare to rely on you and appeal to you if—if I were left alone here."

"You might give me a right, *then*, to be relied on, and appealed to. Veronica, I adore you! I would devote my life to you!"

"Cesare, at such a time! When he is lying there so ill!"

"But he has been ill all these months!" said Barletti, simply.

"Then think of *me!* I am worn out, and can not bear much more excitement. If you will talk to me calmly, as a friend and a kinsman, you may. If you can not promise to do that, you must go away at once."

"You are hard with me, Veronica."

"It is most ungrateful to say so. Tell me—that English officer you spoke with, did he say—did he speak—do you think he will talk to every comer as he did to you?" asked Veronica, flushing hotly as she brought out the question.

Barletti reassured her. The officer had spoken merely because Barletti had mentioned Sir John as his friend. Of course a ceremony performed in that way, on board a ship of war, could not be supposed to be in any sense a secret. But the squadron was to depart immediately. There would be no opportunity for the thing to spread among the people who knew her here. Barletti, as he said this, did not believe it. But he saw that she greatly dreaded the secret getting abroad; and he thought only of soothing her anxiety. He tried, then, to induce her to tell him about her home and her family, and how it had come to pass that she had left England with Sir John Gale. But on this subject she was not willing to speak quite unprepared.

"You told me to talk to you as a friend and a kinsman, Veronica," said he. "A kinsman, surely, has some right to your confidence."

"Some day, Cesare," she answered, "you shall know the story of my life. The life has not been long, but the story can not be told quickly. I can not bring myself to make the effort now. You must have patience, and *some day* I will not refuse what you ask me. There is my hand on it. It is a promise."

Her tone, and look, and gesture conveyed more than the mere words. He was about to speak, but she lightly laid the fingers of her left hand (he held her right hand in his) on his lips.

"Not a word more," she said. "Go now. You will come this evening; and, above all, do not allow Sir John to guess that you saw him this morning! Farewell!"

"Veronica, one word! It is a question I have wanted to ask you; do you know an Englishman named Frost?"

"Frost? No."

"He knows you, and spoke of you. Or it may be—now I think of it—that he only knows you by report. I forget his exact words."

"Knows me! What did he say?"

"He said that Gale treated you very ill."

"He said *that?* Tell me exactly, word for word, what he said!"

"Well, I think," replied Barletti, pondering, "that his words were, 'Sir John Gale uses that poor wife of his very ill.'"

"Wife! Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, drawing a long breath. "He spoke of me as Lady Gale?"

"Yes, yes; I am sure of that. But where can he have known any thing about you?"

"It matters very little. In Florence, perhaps. You have told me enough to show what a hotbed of gossip there is there. Quiet as we were, we did not escape the tongues of those creatures who lounge at the club-door, I dare say."

Barletti felt a little uncomfortable twinge of conscience as he remembered that he himself had made one in a discussion respecting her, at the very spot she mentioned. And her flashing eye and disdainful attitude recalled to him, moreover, Sir John's warning not to tell "miladi" that her name had been spoken at the club.

"Farewell until this evening, Veronica, mia adorata!"

"Good-by, Cousin Cesare."

When he was gone she sat down opposite to a large mirror. "Princess!" she said, softly, to herself. "Principessa de' Barletti!" Veronica understood, although Cesare did not, what the worth of such a title would be in England. Then she stretched herself on a sofa and rested her head on soft cushions. She was really weary in mind and body, and presently fell off into a sleep.

Toward the end of her sleep she began to dream. She dreamed that she was going to be married to Mr. Plew, and that she was reluctantly walking by his side through St. Gildas's grave-yard, toward the church. And, as they came near to an ancient upright stone she well remembered, Sir John Gale, white and ghastly in his grave-clothes, darted out from behind it, and, with a yell of hoarse laughter, bade them stop.

CHAPTER XIII.

REPARATION.

"'To my beloved wife.' That will be sufficient. Take these things away, and put another pillow behind my shoulders, Paul. Paul! Paul! do you hear?"

Then followed a hoarse muttered volley of oaths, and Sir John sank back on his pillow.

Veronica and Barletti stood beside his bed. The former very pale and excited: the latter wondering, and impressed by the change in Sir John's face. There was an awful look upon it. The skin seemed to be burned and shriveled by an inward scorching fire. The eyes looked out glassy and prominent from under their red eyebrows. There was a harsh stubble of beard upon the cheeks and chin.

"You have explained to him, have you?" asked Sir John, in a faint voice, making a slight movement with the emaciated hand that lay outside the coverlet, toward Barletti.

"He understands the purport of what you tell us you have written," answered Veronica.

"Ay, that is right. I want him to understand. The estate in Dorsetshire is entailed, and will go to a cursed snob, a third cousin who inherits the baronetcy, curse him! But the money in the English funds, the plate, the house in town, the railway shares, and—and every thing else, in short, will be 'my beloved wife's.'"

He said the words with so strangely malevolent a grimace on his withered face that Veronica stared at him with wide eyes, for once unconscious of their own expression. Barletti, too, was struck by the look, though he could not fully comprehend the words of Sir John. The latter had lately—during the last day or so, that is—ceased to speak any language but his own. It troubled him to talk French, he said. At any time of his life, and under any circumstances, it would have appeared to him a sufficient reason for refraining from doing any thing to say that it troubled him. But as things were with him, it was very obvious that he was unequal to making much continued effort.

"Does Gale say it has been signed?" asked Barletti of Veronica.

Sir John's ear had caught the question, and he answered it.

"Oh yes! Yes, the witnesses! Ay, we must have witnesses, or it would not be a legal instrument. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes. Oh, it is signed; it is witnessed. I have taken care!"

In obedience to a sign from his master, whose every movement he watched attentively, Paul took a small key from a ring attached to his master's watch-chain, and with it unlocked a desk that stood at one end of the room opposite to the bed. He then opened an inner compartment of the desk, which was fastened by a spring, and took out a folded paper covered with writing on one side. When all was done, Sir John stretched his hand out for the paper to be given to him. His eyes traveled over the writing—it was very short—and then glanced at Barletti and Veronica as they stood side by side near the bed. With a sudden movement his fingers cramped themselves on the paper they held, creasing it into irregular folds.

"Go away, go away!" he gasped out. "Go and leave me. And—Paul, Paul! Take you this precious paper, and lock it up again carefully in the drawer of that desk. Let them see you do it. So; so. And you are a witness to it, remember. You will know and recollect that that is my will, which leaves the bulk of my property to my wife—'to my beloved wife.' Now go."

The latter command was addressed to Barletti and Veronica, who, nothing loth to leave that presence, withdrew. It was the fifth evening after the day the incidents of which have been narrated in the preceding chapter. On returning home from the ship Sir John had taken to his bed, and had not since left it. He was in a strangely excited state, and fuller than usual of capricious ill humor.

After Sir John had dismissed them from his bedside, Veronica and Barletti remained tête-à-tête in the large dimly-lighted saloon. No one observed them. They were free to remain together as long as they chose. Sir John, far from displaying suspicion, seemed to desire Barletti's presence in the house. But yet the prince made no attempt to profit by this opportunity of making love to the beautiful Veronica. She sat down silently, and with a disturbed countenance. He walked to the window, whose shutters were unclosed, and looked out into the moonlight. The oppression of Sir John's looks and words weighed upon them both like a hot, stifling air.

Veronica broke the silence. She spoke in a subdued voice, although there was, as she well knew, no human creature within ear-shot.

"Cesare! Why don't you speak to me? I feel so horribly unstrung."

"Cara! You have been too much tried. You must try to be strong and composed. Coraggio."

"I hate such meaningless talk," she replied, fretfully. "'Coraggio!' It is not courage I want. Courage won't explain and make clear. Do you think, Cesare, that he is really—dying?"

"He is undoubtedly very, very ill."

"There again! Meaningless, empty words. I know—we all know—that he is very, very ill. But I ask if you think the end is near?"

Cesare really loved her, and he was patient with her as real love is. He seated himself near her, and softly placed his hand upon her head.

"Veronica mia," he said, "I am not skilled in such signs. But it does seem to me that there is to-night a warning change in him."

Veronica shuddered and drew close to him, pressing her shoulder against his with the gesture, not of a lover, but of a little frightened child that seeks the comfort of human contact in the dark.

"He must feel deeply the wrong he did you," proceeded Cesare. "It must be owned that he is doing what he can to save his soul. The testament he has made is a generous one."

"Yes—I don't know—"

"You don't know?"

"I—I—feel—I can not explain it; but I have a strange feeling as though he were fooling me to the last."

"Fancies, my child. What puts them into your head?"

"I can not explain it, I tell you. He looks at me sometimes almost fiendishly. And with a kind of exultation in his eyes too. Just now I almost believed his mind was wandering."

"No, no; he was in perfect possession of his senses," said Barletti, hastily, feeling that this suggestion was an extremely imprudent one for Sir John's legatee to make. "He has done every thing with forethought and deliberation. The marriage on board ship was his own idea, was it not?"

"Yes."

"And on the first distant hint of his making a provision for you—which you uttered in accordance with my suggestion—he met your wishes by telling you that he had already made a will with which his widow would have no reason to be dissatisfied?"

"Yes."

"The will is clearly expressed and duly witnessed, is it not?"

"He did not show it to me. He merely read a few words from it."

"But he stated what its purport was, in the presence of Paul, who had witnessed it. And its terms surpassed your expectations. Is all that not true?"

"Y—yes, I suppose so. Yes; it is true," added Veronica, in a firmer tone. Barletti's recapitulation of the facts was reassuring her. She had, in truth, spoken at first with an indistinct hope of eliciting some such reassuring statement of the case.

"But," she added, after a pause, during which her memory had vividly recalled certain of Sir John's looks and words: "although all that *is* true, quite true, I can not help being made uneasy by his manner. *Why* should he do this for me if he hates me, as I most thoroughly believe he does?"

"Hates you, Veronica! What wild folly!"

"No, no, no; it is not wild folly. It is sober sense," pursued Veronica, speaking with vehemence, now that she had once began to reveal the secret thought that was in her. "I have long guessed it. I may say that I have long *known* it. What love he ever felt for me has been over this many a day. I always know when people love me—*always*. And he hates you too. He is jealous of you. I have seen his eyes, when he did not know that I saw them, under the shadow of his lamp-screen on the little table. And I believe he set Paul to watch us. I do!"

The strong conviction in her tone was not without its effect on Barletti. But he answered with the confident calmness of one who is rebutting an obvious absurdity, and with a slight nodding of his head up and down: "Well, it is the most original demonstration of hatred I ever heard of, to bestow his name and his fortune on you at the very moment when he is about to leave you free to enjoy both as you please. Most people would call such conduct affectionate and generous."

"Yes. And it is because I know him to be incapable of either affection or generosity that I can not be easy."

"Veronica, that is morbid!"

"Well, you may say what you please, but I *know* that man means me no good. Do you remember what he said last night as we sat beside his bed? Dio mio! How it all comes back plainly to me. He said, 'Ah! you are both young, and handsome, and healthy. How delightful it is to think of the years of happiness that stretch before you!' And did you not see the diabolical sneer he gave? Oh! Cesare, there is some evil to come. I am sure of it."

She wrung her hands tightly together, and began to pace quickly up and down the room.

"Veronica," he said, after a minute's consideration, "it may be that you do not much wrong Sir John's nature. And yet I am convinced you are mistaken in your conclusions. If he does not care for you he cares for himself, and the fear of death is a powerful motive to reparation."

"He does not believe in reparation. He scoffs at every thing. He has no religion."

"But those are the very people to be afraid. I have known men who have never been to mass or to confession for twenty years turn like soft wax in the hands of the priests when there came any question of dying."

"Ah, in your church, perhaps. But with us it is different."

"And then, don't you see, Veronica, that the struggle in his mind between evil promptings and the desire to save his own soul may produce all the strange fluctuations you observe in his manner?"

She shook her head doubtfully, but she liked that her vague fears and suspicions should be combated. She leaned on this man who loved her. She had been right in her assertion that she always knew when she was loved. With whatever motive he had first sought to make himself pleasing in her eyes, she was unshakably sure that *now*, at all events, he loved her for herself; and that were she destitute to-morrow he would not desert her. And then, too, her apprehensions seemed less alarming now she had uttered them than they had appeared while she brooded over them silently. Perhaps Cesare was right, and she was wrong after all! What flaw *could* there be in her fortunes? Yes; no doubt Cesare was right! She was very glad she had spoken to him so openly. Before they parted she took his head between her hands, and pressed her lips to his forehead. The action was little more than an expression of the relief to her mind which his word had brought: and partly it was the selfish instinctive clinging in peril to a clasping hand—the clinging of a child that knows no compunction in throwing all its weight of care and fear on to the patient willing shoulders of those who love it.

The next day about noon Cesare de' Barletti was breakfasting in one of the principal caffès in Naples, when Mr. Frost walked in and took his seat at a small round table near him.

"Ah, Mr. Frost! So you are not gone then?" said Barletti, shaking hands. This was a ceremony he never omitted with an Englishman, conceiving that to have done so would have been as great a solecism in good-manners as to decline the proffered pipe of a Turk.

"No," returned Mr. Frost. "I am not gone, as you see. The telegram came after all. I may be detained here another week or so. I have not seen you these last days, prince."

"I have been nowhere—nowhere except to the house of a sick friend. He is dying, I fancy. Do you remember—" Barletti suddenly checked his speech and dropped his coffee-cup with a clatter that brought the waiters hurrying up. In the little momentary bustle his sudden pause and confusion escaped notice, as he fancied.

Cesare had been on the point of mentioning that his sick friend was no other than the bridegroom whose marriage had taken place on board the *Furibond*, when he remembered that Frost had spoken of "Lady Gale." If Frost supposed Veronica to be Sir John's wife already at the time of their conversation at the window of the hotel, it would be injudicious, to say the least, to proclaim that she had only been married that very morning. Besides, Veronica had so shrunk from having the date of the marriage known. It might be—nay, it was probable—that Mr. Frost had already heard of it. But at all events he (Cesare) would say no word on the subject. Mr. Frost had clearly perceived that the dropping of the coffee-cup had been a mere feint on Barletti's part to divert attention from his unfinished speech. But it was a matter of considerable indifference to Mr. Frost whether Prince Cesare de' Barletti were close or candid in his communications, now that the business which had brought the two men into contact was satisfactorily concluded. He therefore began to chat easily and amusingly as he sipped his coffee, and Barletti listened with lazy satisfaction.

Presently he observed, during a pause in the talk: "What a devil of a pace those fellows drive at! The hackney cabmen, I mean. Just listen how one is tearing up the street at this moment. Neck or nothing!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Frost, "I often wonder that in your teeming streets more accidents do not happen. This fellow, whoever he may be, is coming here, by the sound. By Jove! What's the matter?"

The exclamation was elicited by the sudden pulling up of an open cab at the door, and the hurried descent therefrom of a pale, frightened servant in an English livery. The man looked about him eagerly, and elbowed his way through the crowd of coffee-drinkers with a disregard of their convenience which would have brought down considerable wrath on his head had it not been for the expression of his countenance, which aroused curiosity and kept resentment in abeyance.

"Oh, there you are, signor principe!" exclaimed the man, catching sight of Barletti; "I've been half over Naples looking for you! At last I heard you were here. Will you come at once to miladi? Here's the cab waiting."

"What is it, Pietro?" asked Barletti, rising with a face yet paler than the servant's.

He had no reason to fear for Veronica, and yet his unreasonable lover-like apprehension could fix on no other object.

"My master, signor principe, is dying or dead. I don't expect to find him alive when we get there, and miladi she's been falling from one fainting fit into another. And as soon as she had consciousness she sent for you."

Barletti seized his hat and rushed to the door. Before he stepped into the cab he called out to Frost, "Let me see you this evening! I may have business. Something important! Come to the Palazzo Dinori at six o'clock, if you possibly can, and ask for me!"

Then Barletti got into the cab, and was whirled away with a mighty whooping and clattering of hoofs.

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY BELOVED WIFE."

MR. FROST called at the Palazzo Dinori a few minutes after six o'clock that evening. He was admitted immediately by the porter, who had been told to expect him, and was ushered into a small, sumptuously-furnished room, overladen with ornament. It was Veronica's boudoir.

Mr. Frost had not come to the palazzo without trying to gain some information respecting the person who lived there. A rich Englishman—very, very rich! A millionaire at the least. Milordo Gale. That was the report of the landlord of Mr. Frost's hotel. His cook was a superior person—a man of talent—a cordon bleu! The landlord had the honor of a slight acquaintance with that distinguished artist, who sometimes cracked a bottle of "Lacrima" or fine Capri with him in his private room. As to Milordo Gale—ah, yes, he was rich. Diavolo! Poor men did not enjoy the services of such a cook. The landlord had known the latter long, and esteemed him highly. He had been chêf de cuisine to the Russian embassador, years ago: in the old days, you understand.

Mr. Frost would perhaps not have complied with Barletti's request to go to the Palazzo Dinori so promptly had he not felt a considerable amount of curiosity respecting its inmates. He sat down in the luxurious room, and contrasted it with poor Lady Tallis's shabby lodging in Gower Street. That thought brought others in its train: other thoughts of a painful and harassing nature. His promise to Zillah Lockwood had not yet been redeemed. And Hugh was growing more and more headstrong. It was more than a fortnight since he had had any private letter from England, and the last had been from his wife—a tissue of complaints and demands for money from beginning to end. Mr. Frost's private meditations were not soothing. They were a bitter cud to chew. So with a wrench of his mind, and a movement of his body as though he were shaking a tangible weight from his shoulders, he turned his thoughts to other matters. Things had got to that point with him now when a man tells himself that it is no use thinking of his troubles: thinking will mend nothing. Some turn of luck must come—may come, at all events. And if not—? If not, why still it is no use thinking. The devil must have his own way!

Mr. Frost had not sat ten minutes in the boudoir before Barletti came in.

"Caro amico," said he, grasping the lawyer's hand hard, "you are come! Thanks, many thanks. I have great need of you."

Barletti had never addressed Mr. Frost as "caro amico" before.

"What can I do for you?" asked the latter, observing Barletti's face attentively, but not ostentatiously.

"It is all over here. That man—Sir John Gale—"

"Your friend?"

"My friend! Yes, yes, my friend! The most unheard-of cold-blooded villain—! Maria Santissima, forgive me! He has gone to meet his deserts."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Frost, with closed lips and an indescribable inflection in his voice. "*Has* he? That is to say that he is—?"

"Dead."

"Oh! Yes. I see. Was it sudden?"

"One can hardly say so after all these months of wasting away. But yet at the last it was sudden. It was a hideous sight to see. When I got here they took me straight into his room. I turned sick and faint as a girl," said Barletti, growing pale, and shuddering at the recollection.

"How? What was the hideous sight?"

"He had broken a blood-vessel, and was lying there just as he had died. They had touched nothing. It was horrible!"

The impressionable Italian hid his face with his hands, as though to shut out the remembrance of the scene.

"Who was with him? How was the cause of death ascertained?"

"The two physicians who attended him arrived just after it happened. He had been raving in a fit of maniacal fury. That killed him, there's no doubt."

A thought occurred to Mr. Frost. If Sir John Gale had died intestate his widow would undoubtedly be a wealthy woman. In any case his death would benefit her, for there were settlements under which she would have at least such an income as befitted her rank. Lady Tallis Gale's niece would now be in very different circumstances from those she had been in hitherto. Maud would be Lady Tallis's heiress of course. And then—then that might make a difference in the prospects of Hugh Lockwood! The thought passed through Mr. Frost's brain so quickly that there was no perceptible pause before he said, "You will allow me to suggest that you should at once telegraph to England. Perhaps you have already done so?"

Barletti was resting his elbows on the table and alternately bringing his open palms together on his forehead, and slowly separating them with a stroking movement toward his ears. He made a little negative gesture with his head, in answer to Mr. Frost's question.

"You asked me to come here, prince, in such a manner that I concluded you stood in need of professional advice from me. If I was wrong, you will forgive me for reminding you that my time is precious, and that if there is no service I can render you I must withdraw."

"No, no, don't go! Pray don't go! I do want you. I have the greatest need of you! I have been half distracted all day. More for her sake, God knows, than my own!"

"For—*her* sake?"

"I am her cousin. I have a right to be near her and protect her. Her mother was Maria Stella de' Barletti. There is no other relative in Italy to take care of her."

"Prince, I do not in the least doubt your right to take care of the lady in question. But—who is '*she?*'"

"Do you remember that morning, now nearly a week ago, when we saw Sir John Gale being rowed ashore from the English ship?"

"Certainly. Ah, I see. Yes, yes; I begin to understand. There was a lady with him—a young lady as it seemed to me. Humph!"

"Yes, that was she. She was in a dreadful state this morning when I came here. She had been fainting, falling from one swoon into another, and that was best for her, provera anima sofferente! For when she became conscious again her misery was terrible to witness."

"May I ask what was the occasion of the lady's agitation? Did they permit her to see the scene which so affected you? That was injudicious!"

"Oh yes! She saw it all. She has not yet been able to give me a connected account of it; but from what she said, and from what Paul said—Paul was that man's valet—I have ascertained that the scene must have been appalling."

Mr. Frost was secretly very much surprised at Barletti's acknowledgment that the beautiful young woman whose position in Sir John Gale's household could not be doubtful was his cousin. The young prince's visits to Palazzo Dinori, and his devotion to the lovely woman who inhabited it, were well-known and much-discussed topics of gossip in Naples, as they had been at Florence—a fact of which Barletti was as innocent as a child. For there are minds which, although shrewd enough to judge their neighbors, can never conceive that the same standard is naturally applied to measure *them*. Some breath of this gossip had floated by Mr. Frost, and had remained in his memory. Veronica was usually spoken of as "La Gale," a mode of designating her which conveyed no idea of wifehood to Mr. Frost's ears. Mr. Frost was not unacquainted with foreign life. He had lived in Paris, and called himself a man of the world. But he did not quite understand Italian manners; nor was he aware that their social morality is presided over by a stern goddess called Decorum, to outrage whose laws is a blasphemy condemned by all well-bred persons. It would not sting an Italian man of quality to talk to him about "whited sepulchres." There *must* be sepulchres, and the least you can do is to whitewash them!

"Well," said Mr. Frost, shrugging his shoulders, "the poor signora ought not to have been allowed to witness such a scene. But I suppose it will pass away. Did Sir John make any provision for her?"

"It is on that point," said Barletti, changing color, "that we wish to consult you. She has been the victim of a base deception. But I believe that Providence has not forsaken her. This man in his will leaves every thing absolutely—"

"His will!" cried the lawyer, suddenly on the alert. "He left a will? Are you sure?"

"Most sure. I saw it only last evening."

"Last evening! You read it?"

"No; I can not say that I read it. I should not have understood it all, being in English, though I might have made out a word or two. But he told us the contents in presence of one of the witnesses—Paul, the valet I spoke of just now."

"And this will leaves every thing absolutely, you say, to—?"

"To his wife."

"To—his—wife!"

"'To his beloved wife.' Those are the words."

"By Jove!" breathed out Mr. Frost in a whisper of amazement. "Why then your cousin will not get a penny, not a soldo, not a centime! Unless—stop! was there a codicil? Any other legacies?"

"There was nothing more. And it was all meant for Veronica. She must have it! She was his wife when he died."

"My dear prince," said Mr. Frost, in a low, steady voice, laying his hand on the other man's arm, "you had best be frank with me. It is useless to call in a doctor unless you will tell him all your symptoms. Some folks try to cheat even the doctor! But that is not found to result in a cure very often. This lady, for whom, as your relative, I profess every respect, was not, according to English law, the wife of Sir John Gale. And English law is terribly inflexible and unromantic. I don't think Phryne herself would have a chance in the Court of Chancery—which is not without its good side when you don't happen to *be* Phryne!"

"Phryne! What do you mean, Sir? What are you talking of? I say that my cousin Veronica is Lady Tallis Gale, and can be proved to be so in any court in Europe. She was married on board the English Queen's ship *Furibond* on Tuesday morning."

"What!" shouted Mr. Frost, springing to his feet. "He did that? Then he was a bigamist. I tell you his lawful wife is living. I know her well!"

"No, you are wrong!" said a low voice which startled them both.

The door communicating with the adjoining room, which was "miladi's" dressing-room, was opened, and Veronica stood in the doorway. She was as white as the muslin wrapper that was folded round her. Her hair fell in disorder over her shoulders. Her eyes were swollen and heavy. But in the midst of her very real absorption in the trouble that had fallen on her, she was not altogether indifferent to the effect she should produce by her appearance. And it was as striking as she could have desired it to be.

"Angelo mio!" exclaimed Barletti, running to support her with tender sympathy, "why didst thou venture here? Thou art too feeble, my dearest!"

"Leave me alone, Cesare. I can stand and walk by myself. Look at this, Mr. Frost!" she added in English, holding out a letter to him as she spoke.

"You speak—you are English?" murmured Mr. Frost, more and more bewildered, but taking the letter and opening it.

His eyes had not mastered two lines of its contents before he gave a violent start, and the letter fluttered from his hand on the table while he gazed searchingly at Veronica, with all his keen wits about him.

"That killed him," said Veronica, bitterly. "He had thought to betray and to trap me. And the rage of disappointment was more than he could bear."

"But," said Mr. Frost, all his professional interest aroused in the case, "we must be careful to assure ourselves that he did *not* succeed in betraying and trapping you!"

She was about to interrupt him impetuously, when he held up a warning hand to check her.

"Stay a moment! This bears date—ay, the same day. Tuesday last, was it not? Then this much I see plainly—*it will all depend upon the hour*. And now tell me your whole story. Have no more reserves than if I were your father confessor. The only chance I have of helping you is to know the whole truth."

"Go away, Cesare," said Veronica, after a pause. "I would rather speak to Mr. Frost alone. I will send for you by-and-by."

"Do not let her tire herself, poverina," said Barletti, moving reluctantly away. He turned when he had reached the door, and, coming back, took her hand and kissed it with a touching, humble tenderness. Then he was gone.

The letter which Veronica had handed to Mr. Frost ran thus:

LONDON, *March* 5, 186-.

SIR JOHN,—It is my painful duty to inform you of the decease of your respected wife, Lady Tallis Gale, who expired, at her apartments in Gower Street, yesterday morning. Her ladyship's niece, Miss Desmond, was with her to the last. Awaiting any instructions with which you may be pleased to honor me, and with my respectful condolence on the sad event,

I remain, Sir John,
Your very humble servant,
ADAM LANE.

To Sir John Tallis Gale, Bart.

P.S. Her ladyship's disorder was consumption of the lungs. The arrangements for the funeral have been made, in your absence, by Miss Desmond's directions. Her ladyship's relative, Sir Thomas Delaney of Delaney, has been invited to attend. A. L.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"CAN you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.

"Define the difference in meaning between experimental philosophy and natural philosophy," said a schoolmaster, not long since, to one of the most *forward* of his pupils. "Why, Sir," replied the boy, "experimental philosophy is our asking you to give us a half-holiday, and natural philosophy is your saying, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'"

CONNUBIALITIES.

While Adam slept, God from him took
A bone; and, as an omen,
He made it like a seraph look,
And thus created woman.

He took this bone not from his pate,
To show her power more ample;
Nor from his feet, to designate
That he on her might trample.

But 'neath his arm, to clearly show
He always should protect her;
And near his heart, to let him know
How much he should respect her.

He took this bone, crooked enough,
Most crooked of the human,
To show him how much crooked stuff
He'd always find in woman.

"Suicide is becoming very prevalent in my city," said a New York gentleman to an inhabitant of a neighboring town. "Well, really, Sir, I don't know of any city where it could prevail with greater advantage to the world at large."

THE BOY OF THE PERIOD.—A lady walking along the street was attracted by the bright eyes and blonde curls of a little urchin seated on the curb-stone. She approached and asked him if he was a news-boy. "No, ma'am; I ain't nothing." "Have you no home?" "No." "Wouldn't you like to have one?" "You bet." "You should not speak so idly, my son. But come, how would you like to have me for a mother?" The little fellow scanned her from head to foot for a moment, and then inquired: "Would you whip me?" "Not unless you were bad." "Let me go bare-footed?" "No." "Play hoss?" "No." "Pull the cat's tail?" "No." "Lick the puddin' dish?" "No." "Cuss?" "No." "Chaw tobacco?" "No." "Smoke?" "No." "Then go along with you; you don't know any thing. I reckon next you'd say a feller shouldn't cross his legs and sing, 'Come Along Josey.'" And the little fellow's face glowed with a sense of ineffable contempt.

A CRADLE SONG.

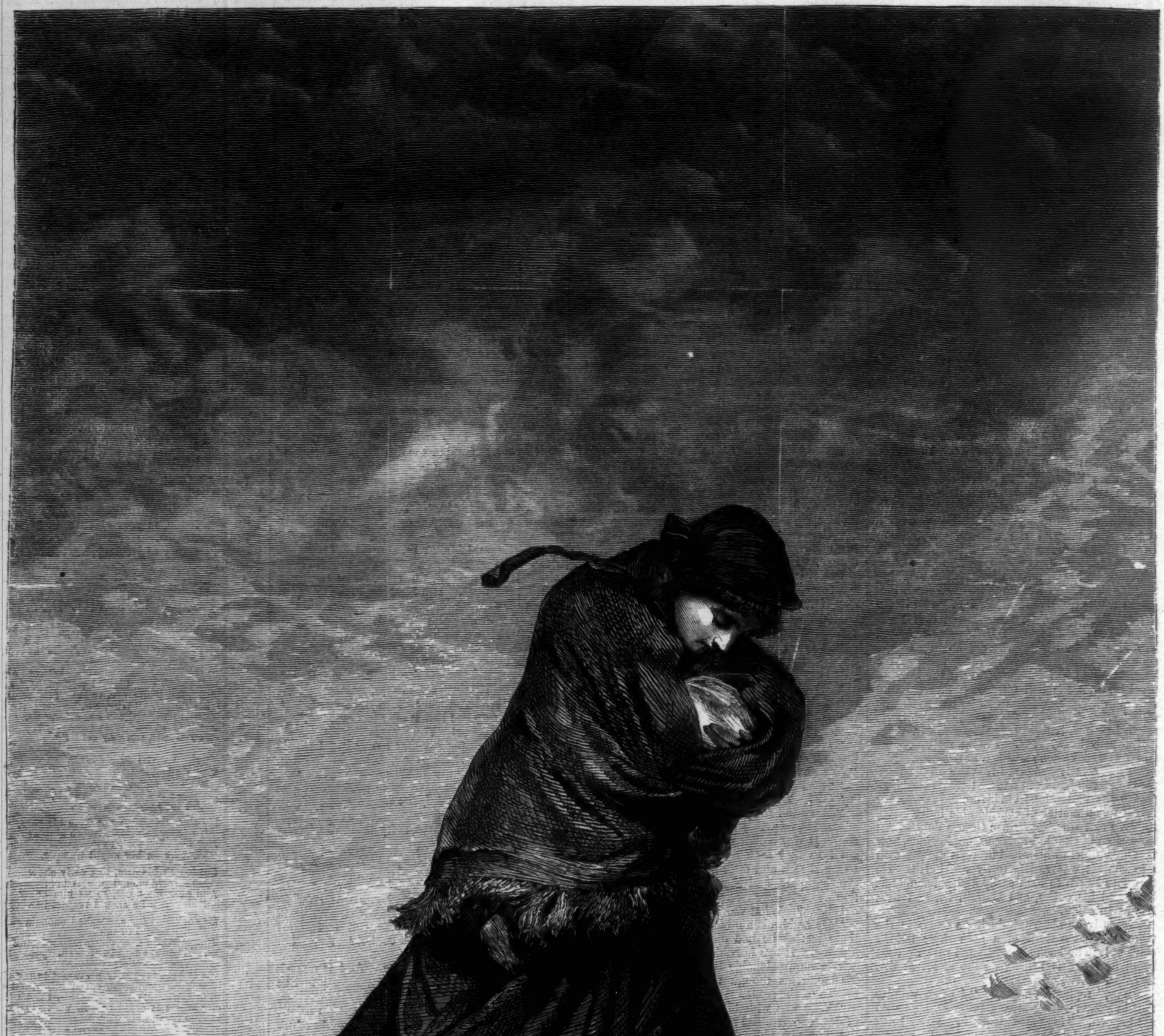
Inkery pinkery toe-toe!
Toosery poosery show, show!
Hie to da-da,
Kiss-kissy ma,
Icklety picklety, bo, boh!

An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz., "Oh give me a cot in the valley I love!" Reading it attentively, the old fellow finally growled out, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a *bedstead*."

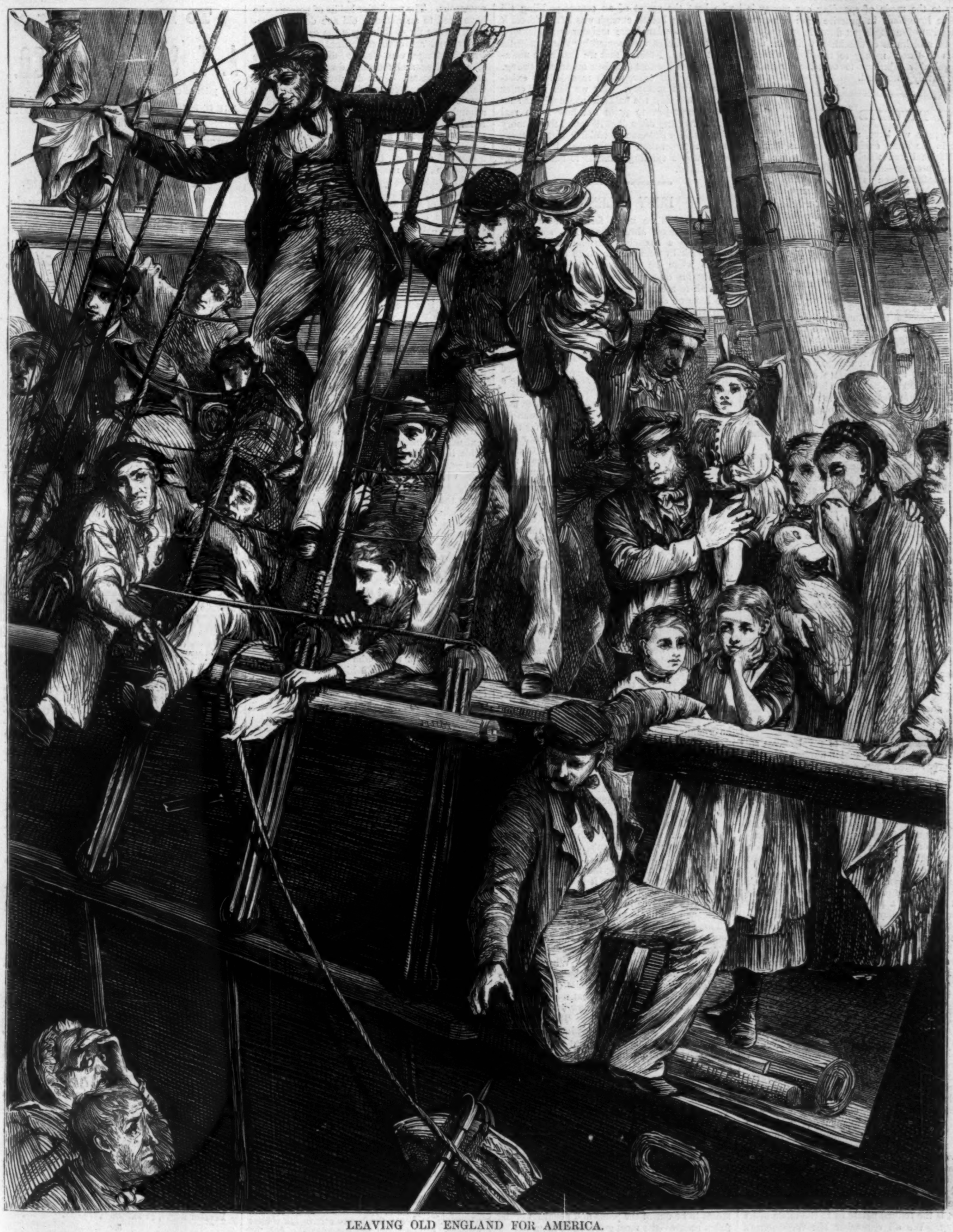
"And so you are married, Bridget," said a lady to her former servant. "And pray what is your husband's business?" "Business is it, marm?" "Yes. What does he do for a living?" "Shure he's a collector." "A collector! Why, Biddy," said Madam—whose ideas of a collector were of a handsome judge of her acquaintance, who "ran the Custom-house"—"married a collector! you don't say so." "Shure I do, marm, say that same." "A collector! Why, where does he collect, Biddy?" "Arl over the city, marm," said Bridget. "All over the city," replied Madam, beginning to wonder what Biddy was driving at; "and how much does he collect?" "Fifty or sixty pounds, and some days a hundred." "You mean fifty or sixty dollars, not pounds—*dollars*, Bridget," said Madam, with emphasis. "No, marm, I don't mane dollars, I mane grease." "Grease!" "Shure I do, for Pat is a soap-grease collector."

A little Sabbath-school scholar said she couldn't help laughing to think how astonished Goliah must have been when the stone from David's sling hit him, as she didn't believe that *such a thing ever entered his head before.*

A priest, the other day, who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked the question, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered, "'Tis a state of torment into which sowls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "Bein'," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her down," says the curate, "put her down to the fut of the class." "Lave her alone," said the priest; "for any thin' you or I know to the contrary, she may be parfitly right."



LOST IN THE SNOW.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 58.]



LEAVING OLD ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

LEAVING OLD ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

We're away, we're away to a far distant shore,
Where the toil-worn and weary no longer may slave;
Where the worker may rest when his labor is o'er,
In the sunset of life, ere he sinks in the grave.

We're away, we're away to those wealth-teeming climes;
Let the downcast and helpless shake off their despair,
Let the woe-stricken soul live for happier times—
Bright, oh bright are the hopes of our destiny there!

Far away, far away, on those measureless plains,
Shall the sons of Britannia establish a home;
And the bold Anglo-Saxon, as fortune ordains,
Be the founder of nations in ages to come.

Farewell to thee, Albion! We love thee, we know,
And feelingly part we from the land of our birth;
For the Ruler of all has decreed that we go
To cradle new realms on the confines of earth.

See the broad sails unfurl to the welcoming wind;
Now the noble ship moves! Clear the decks—we're away!
Three cheers for the dear friends we're leaving behind,
And three more for Old England—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

MISERS.

The old satirists used to thunder against misers. Is any body a miser now? There are people who are selfish enough, in all conscience—people who, in our elegant modern dialect, are screws to the full extent to which the pressure can be carried; but is any one a miser after the "fearless old fashion," of which Elwes was the last proverbial example? At rare intervals, in the season devoted to gigantic gooseberries and supernatural showers of frogs, we hear of some pauper who has died of starvation with a purse full of sovereigns hidden in the mattress of his bed. But the sheer instinct of hoarding for the sake of hoarding has died out of modern society. A gentleman with £100,000 a year never goes to bed by daylight to save the expense of candles, or rides ten miles round to avoid a turnpike, or walks about in his old cloaks till they drop off his back. The character has disappeared under the natural influences of civilization. No man has the courage to live apart from his kind like a savage dog in a farm-yard. A commission of lunacy would be taken out against him, and he would be ordered, on pain of imprisonment, to live with other people. Instead of putting his money into a stocking, he would invest it in safe securities, and the penetrating influence of public opinion would be far too great to allow him to reinvest the proceeds without paying toll to society. We can not hide ourselves from the gaze of the many-headed monster, and no one is sufficiently insensible to the approval of his kind to do what he likes with his own. If, to make a liberal allowance, half of our income is spent for our pleasure, the other half is invariably spent in obedience to a code of rules tacitly marked by general consent. A very wealthy man may be stingy, mean, grasping, but he never has the courage to refrain from setting up an imitation, however starved and unsatisfactory, of the establishment prescribed by the rule of living of his class. Sumptuary laws have become obsolete, but the sanction which enforces a certain standard of expense is quite sufficient to prevent in practice any wide deviations on the side of economy. Hitherto we have not been so strict in prohibiting extravagance; because, though it is more pernicious to the public interest, there are so many people about the spendthrift who have a direct interest in his follies. That is, the opinion of our neighbors as to the mode of spending our money is far more important in practice than our own. The passion of saving is put down in spite of the supposed selfishness of mankind, while the disposition to throw money to the dogs, though more palpably injurious to ourselves, remains comparatively untouched.

FAVORITE DISHES.

PROBABLY we have not nowadays favorite dishes in the same exclusive sense as formerly. National and theological dishes are losing their prestige—dishes which once so satisfied the heart as well as palate that the appetite grew by what it fed on, and sentiment dictated the liking where natural inclination held back: and, in fact, to bestow any exclusive devotion to a dish, you must see it. The old-fashioned host of former times, in modest depreciation of his fare, used to say to his guest, "You see your dinner." Who sees his dinner now? Where a dish is really appetizing this is a loss, but unquestionably the temptation to gormandize is diminished by the modern arrangement. The promoter of excess is one ample favorite dish which represents the dinner, rather than the knowledge of a succession in the back-ground out of sight, suggesting the need of caution in keeping a corner for a possible ideal that never comes. The enormous excesses we read of are all stimulated by a face-to-face encounter, exciting emulation and passionate love of conquest. Had dinners *à la Russe* been the mode in Gray's time, he would not have had to tell the fate of a certain Master of Magdalen College, who in all likelihood would then have lived out his natural term, and survived his chronicler.

"Our friend Dr. Chapman," he tells Mason, "is not expected here again in a hurry; he is gone to the grave with five fine mackerel, large and full of roe—he ate them all at one dinner. But his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company beside the bones. He had not been hearty all the week, but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more."

It was clearly no mere caprice of the poet's fancy to give the siren a fish's tail, so provocative has this creature ever proved to inordinate appetite. Just lately it has come out that the immortal William III. was scarcely more proof against its blandishments than the poor Master last quoted. Mr. Cardonnel, writing from the Hague to Under-Secretary Ellis five months before the King's death, says:

"Yesterday he went to a fish dinner of Mr. Van der Esch's. It is a pity his Majesty will not be more governable and temperate in his diet. Should I eat so much and of the same kinds I dare say I should scarce have survived it so long, and yet I reckon myself none of the weakest constitutions."

And is there not that tale of royal excess so concisely and pathetically told in nursery history? "He never smiled again, and died of a surfeit of lampreys." Here, too, we may congratulate our age on the safeguard which boundless variety offers against the exceptional indulgence of a natural propensity. We too have fish dinners prodigious in their aggregate of dishes; but the profusion is out of sight, and the infinite alternative of choice renders the labor of selection a weariness before the appetite has had time to be sated by sheer quantity.

The new nomenclature of cookery is a check to the knowledge of our friends' favorite dishes which was once a part of politeness. The eccentric Lord Dudley had one homely liking—the name we forget—which he expected to find at every table; and he would mutter it over to himself if his eye sought it in vain. Old dishes are like indigenous flowers, and live in our hearts; the scientific terms of the modern cuisine are as impossible to remember as a book of botany. This ignorance has its convenience, however. People's tastes are necessarily more cosmopolitan than they were. When the great man could only enjoy one or two dishes, his caterers were often put to huge inconvenience in order to satisfy him. A book on Quakerism tells us that wherever Mrs. Fry and John Joseph Gurney went, their calves'-foot jelly must be provided for them, and there were times when the country had to be scoured for calves' feet. And Mrs. Sherwood tells a story of Henry Martyn, who, entertaining a party in India, recollected at the moment of sitting down to table to have heard her once commend some mutton-pies. To commend was, in his fancy, not to be able to dine without. He bid the servants bring some, and the dinner had to be protracted while a sheep was killed and the pies baked for her exclusive eating.

The simpler the fare the more exacting, no doubt, is the refined palate as to the mode of its dressing. We all remember Mr. Woodhouse's gruel—thin, but not too thin; and we find many people who know but one or two cooks that can boil a potato or succeed in a suet-dumpling. It is always pleasant to find this sort of fastidiousness among the poor; their homely fare rises at once in the scale if it is capable of satisfying or disgusting a nice appetite according as some particular whim is gratified or outraged. Indeed the science of cooking never stands on a higher moral level than when some peasant wife describes with pride her husband's delicate perceptions in the matter of bacon and its attendant cabbage, what are his views on the treatment of a shin of beef, and what particular stage of growth is the only one to develop the rare and choice flavor that lurks in broad beans gathered in their moment of prime. Dishes used to be family possessions handed down by tradition; a mystery hung about them; the imagination was called in to assist. A respectful awe tempered while it enhanced the moment of fruition. The *Rambler*, we think it is, tells of an old lady who kept the secret of an orange-pudding till scarce failing breath enough was left to reveal it to her favorite daughter; and our own childhood can recall dishes with something transcendental about them. Nothing that we ever taste nowadays approaches that exquisite evanescent twang, half taste, half odor, which recorded its existence on the memory. But we can not enter further into this, the pathetic phase of our subject, except just to point out how much real pathos may and often does lie round the memory of some dish supreme to childish tastes, served under the direction of now silent lips, and by hands whose cunning remains to our fancy untransmitted.

BUSY IDLENESS.

WE confess we never feel at home with a man who must always be doing something. There was a French statesman who wrote a huge book by snatches, in those occasional intervals when he happened to be kept waiting for his dinner. We have not the slightest wish to see this ante-prandial performance. We have no doubt it was a very dull book, for men who are never at leisure are always dull.

Fussy men and idle men are equally insufferable to us. The real worker is never in a hurry, and the real idler, we may add, is never any thing else. Who ever heard of Lord Palmerston, or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Brougham, being in a hurry? When we see a man in a great hurry, we may be pretty certain that his profession consists in doing nothing, and that he is doing that badly. The idlest man we ever knew was always so much pressed for time that he never had five minutes to spare for any thing. No one need ever be in such a terrible hurry as this. If we ever find ourselves so, it is probably because we have been wasting our time. We have had no system, and have, therefore, done in an hour what ought to have been finished in twenty minutes; or, like the hare, we have loitered on the way, and then we make a push for it, and arrive just in time to miss the train. How many hares there are every morning who arrive breathless in the City, because breakfast was half an hour late, or because they would not get up when the clock struck seven!

LONG LIFE.

THE art of attaining to extreme old age, divested of all superfluous details, consists simply in the strict observance of the natural laws. Every day ought to be so apportioned as to permit of bodily exercise, useful employment of the intellectual powers, the cultivation and gratification of the moral and religious sentiments, the taking of food and sleep, and the gratification of the animal faculties; but the gratification of the organic and moral laws should, like the gratification of the animal faculties, be in moderation; all excess or abuse as invariably entails unhappiness, pain, or disease, as moderate use insures the contrary. Every act that is conducive to health and happiness is also conducive to long life; while every infringement of the natural laws entails an opposite condition, and tends to shorten life. The strict observance of the natural laws is, then, the real and only secret of long life—always barring accidents, which are beyond the control of human prevision. But even here Providence, by implanting the feeling of caution in human beings, has put it in their power to greatly avoid misfortunes, by teaching them not to place themselves in situations or positions in which such are likely to occur.

There is no question that man does not live so long as in a normal condition of things he ought to do. God praised Solomon because he asked for wisdom instead of long life. Why so? Because wisdom—that is to say, the strict observance of the natural laws—entails of itself long life. Roger Bacon believed that man could live a thousand years, if he only knew how to economize his provision of vital force. The celebrated physiologist, Flourens, also deduced from his study of the nervous centres that man ought to live much longer than he does. It has been shown by statistical tables that married men live longer than the unmarried. The reason is simple: unmarried men do not fulfill one of the natural laws; married men also lead more steady lives; in other words, do not so often infringe the natural laws. Unfortunately, many mistake idleness for economy of force. It is not so. Economy of force lies in the moderate use of the powers, faculties, and appetites; but to disuse them is to abuse them almost as much by excess. Others, again, are perfectly intimate with the natural laws, and yet have so little control over themselves that they frequently abuse them. This seems to be one of the pains and penalties of our fallen nature—the most grievous of them all.

Long life is so exceptional a thing, that the Greeks and Romans used to chronicle all remarkable cases of longevity. Hensler and other writers have shown that the year before Abraham consisted of only three months; that it reckoned eight after the time of the Patriarch; but that it counted twelve only after the time of Joseph, who introduced the Egyptian method among the Jews. The age of Methuselah presents, then, nothing so very extraordinary when we proceed upon this calculation. It was after the era of Joseph that the prophet sang: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

But it is well attested that in our days some people attain a much greater age. Samit Mungo, a Scotchman, and Peter Czarten, a Hungarian, are quoted as having attained a hundred and eighty-five years of age. Below that figure the instances of longevity become much more numerous. The particular habits of persons who have lived to an extreme old age do not, however, always throw light upon the causes of longevity, and are even sometimes contradictory. Francis Mongo, who died at Smyrna at the age of a hundred and fourteen, drank nothing but scorzonera water. Jean d'Outrego, who died in Galicia at a hundred and forty-seven, ate naught but flour of maize. Widow Legier, who died at a hundred and seven, always went naked-footed. Maulmy, who died at a hundred and nineteen, was a vegetarian, and drank water. He was never known to be angry. Favrot, who died at a hundred and four, had his pipe constantly in his mouth; and many centenarians have been well known to have practiced any thing but moderation in eating and drinking. Old Parr died at the age of a hundred and fifty-two from a surfeit at the court of Charles II. According to Dr. Noirot, the average chances of life up to seventy have augmented in our own times, but beyond that epoch the chances have diminished.

THE MAN WHO IS IN LOVE.

THERE is something very cruel in the contempt with which women, as a rule, look upon a man who is in love. One might have thought that compassion (which is nearly akin to contempt, however, with many people) would have been a more appropriate feeling; but it can not be denied that a man is never less a hero with the women of his acquaintance than when he is desperately in love with some particular woman. If it be his good fortune to have inspired a similar attachment in the bosom of the young person who has upset his reason, she, out of all her sex, may be inclined to see something fine and noble in his devotion; but your ordinary woman—and, above all, your extraordinary woman, who has some power of satire, and loves to revenge the weaknesses of her sex by laughing at the other—can not help regarding a lover as a rather silly person, who has caught a fever which is about as ridiculous as measles to a grown-up man. In novels the case is quite otherwise; and nothing in fiction attracts the sympathy of woman so much as a perfect abandonment to a wild and impetuous affection, with the spectacle of a rhetoric-loving young man conquering every difficulty, and overcoming all manner of obstacles, for the sake of his sweetheart. But in actual life, a man finds himself compelled to keep a strict watch over any exhibitions of affection he may be inclined to indulge in; and if he does not, the women of his acquaintance look upon him as a "softy," and shrug their shoulders in a highly humorous way over his folly. As for the modern young lady, she conceals her affection so thoroughly that you would almost imagine she had none.

MODERN HOSPITALITY.

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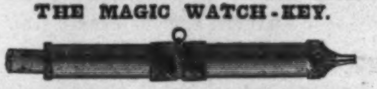

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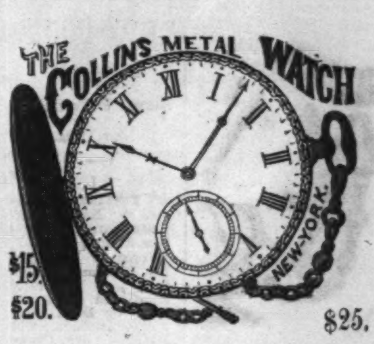

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